

NOVEMBER 13, 1943

AMERICA

BIBLICAL ANNIVERSARY

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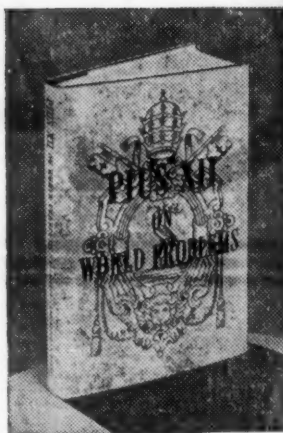
THE WORD
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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXX

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NUMBER 6



"We have left nothing undone, but have championed by every means at Our disposal—in Our public utterances, written and oral, and in Our conversations and interviews—the restoration of that peace and concord which must be based on justice and reach its perfection in mutual fraternal charity." (*Pius XII*)

THE BOOK. James W. Naughton, S.J. of St. Mary's Seminary, Kansas, believed that the total doctrine expressed by Pope Pius XII should be arranged in logical sequence, in its entirety, and made available for ready reference. Accordingly, he examined every public document and address made by the Pope, linked the quotations by explanatory transitions, drew up a bibliography and index of documents, names and subjects. The title is: **PIUS XII ON WORLD PROBLEMS.** *What does the Pope Say?*

THE REASON. All men, from the few leaders of the Allied Nations down to the sorriest specimen of human nature, must heed the Pope. Hence, this volume that presents the fears, hopes and plans of Pius XII should be published, should be read, and should be heeded. *What says PIUS XII ON WORLD PROBLEMS?*

THE EFFORT. This volume is so very important that it should be known by every Catholic in union with the Pope. It should be made known to non-Catholics, whether they agree or disagree with Pope Pius XII. The America Press is making every effort to further the distribution of this volume. Your effort advances the cause! Order the book for yourself—and order **PIUS XII ON WORLD PROBLEMS** for as many friends as will be helped by it.

PIUS XII ON WORLD PROBLEMS

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 13, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

REVEREND R. A. MCGOWAN, Assistant Director of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C., was a member of the Commission appointed by our Government to recommend changes in the relations of the United States and Puerto Rico. Father McGowan's account of the problems discussed, and the solutions proposed, constitutes the first of three articles AMERICA this week presents on our Caribbean neighbors. . . . WALTER M. JANER, in his history of the four phases of Puerto Rican economic and political life, explains the background of the island's present troubles. Mr. Janer, who is a native of Puerto Rico and received all his education there—except for a few years of primary school in the United States—is now a student at Spring Hill College, Alabama. . . . DOM BASIL MATTHEWS, O.S.B., offers a vivid picture of economic and family life in another Caribbean island—the British-owned Trinidad. Father Matthews was born in Trinidad and was ordained there in 1935. His theological studies were made at Louvain, Belgium; and he is now studying Political Philosophy and Sociology in the Graduate School at Fordham. . . . REV. PIERRE GOUBE, S.J., who knows Nazi prison camps from first-hand experience, pleads for the psychological and spiritual rehabilitation of the demoralized prisoners as a major postwar job. . . . RT. REV. WILLIAM L. NEWTON, S.S.D. (Doctor of Sacred Scripture), who reviews the advance of biblical scholarship in the past fifty years—the reasons therefor and its difficulty—is Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew at Our Lady of the Lake Seminary, Cleveland. . . . SIGRID UNSET, who introduces the annual survey of children's books, needs no who's who. It may not be well known, however, that she has two most excellent juveniles to her credit, this year's *Sigurd and His Brave Companions* and last year's *Happy Times in Norway*.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Accord in Moscow. The agreement reached in Moscow by Messrs. Hull, Eden and Molotoff is a great and encouraging step in the direction of a stable peace. That there remain other steps to be taken and that we may not at present see when or how they will be taken, should not obscure the fact that the great Allied powers have definitely moved away from the old order and towards a better order. The United States, Britain, Russia and China have pledged themselves to cooperate after the war to secure "a rapid and orderly transition from war to peace" and to establish and maintain international security "with the least diversion of the world's human and economic resources for armaments." They are also pledged to the creation, as soon as practicable, of a "general international organization based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving States." Criticism of the document will probably center upon its silence regarding Poland and the Baltic States as contrasted with its declarations on Austria and Italy. While all peace-loving sovereign States, large or small, are eligible for membership in the world organization, it will be remembered that Moscow has declared the Baltic States not to be sovereign, but to be part of Russia. On the other hand, it is also true that neither the United States nor Great Britain has recognized this claim of Russia's; and that if the question should be raised in a public conference, the Soviet Government might find it awkward to explain its position. While not giving us all that might be asked for, the Moscow agreement has given us more than we at present expected. It would be ungracious not to pay tribute to Mr. Hull who made this long and arduous journey, at the cost of much suffering to himself. The pact is a vindication of his farsightedness and long patience.

And in Washington. The inconclusive and unconcluded Senate debate on the Connally resolution collapsed under the impact of the news from Moscow. As it has actually turned out, the delaying action fought by the B.H. group gave the Senate a chance to express itself regarding the agreement. With commendable promptness, the Senate rose to the occasion. Senator Downey introduced a resolution accepting the declaration of the Moscow conference "as the basis of a treaty or treaties between the United States and such nations as the President may deem advisable." From his sick-bed, Carter Glass sent a message of support. The form finally settled on by Senator Connally's Subcommittee was the inclusion, practically verbatim, of Article Four of the Moscow declaration in the Connally resolution, and the addition of a paragraph reiterating the necessity of the advice and consent of the Senate in the making of treaties. The resulting resolution (sound enough, albeit repetitious)

seems assured of a swift passage through the Senate. It is not improbable that the United States, apparently so dilatory and reluctant to make up its mind about international collaboration, may be the first of the United Nations to give its approval to the Moscow pact.

Home Front. Sensational as was the news from Moscow, it did not long distract attention from the deterioration of conditions on the domestic front. The task abroad is to defeat the enemy as quickly and cheaply as possible; the task at home is to supply the fighting front, and to do it in such a way that the national economy will emerge from the war a sound and going concern. This latter task involves preeminently the critical necessity of avoiding uncontrolled inflation, and last week the fight to keep prices within bounds was going none too well. The House Ways and Means Committee, openly rebuffing the Administration, seemed committed to a half-hearted tax program of limited anti-inflationary value. Despite a cogent plea by the President, the Congress remained obstinate on the matter of agricultural subsidies, although such subsidies are the only alternative to an increase in farm prices and the cost of living. Meanwhile, spreading labor unrest over wage controls erupted in work stoppages among the coal miners (later settled when the Government signed a contract with the United Mine Workers) and strike threats by all the railroad unions. Assembled in convention at Philadelphia, the C.I.O. called for a showdown on wage and price controls, as the A. F. of L. had done earlier at its Boston convention. Congress could save the situation by approving the use of agricultural subsidies and passing a real anti-inflation tax bill, since these measures would head off labor demands for higher wages. But indications were that Congress would do neither of these things.

The Elections. In this setting, many citizens went to the polls to cast ballots in State and municipal elections—and many others stayed at home. Everywhere the voting was light, and almost everywhere the trend was Republican. Outstanding among the results were the election of a Republican Lieutenant Governor of New York, and Republican Governors in New Jersey and Kentucky. In addition, labor-supported candidates in Mayoralty elections in Detroit and San Francisco went down to defeat. While some observers hailed the results of the off-year elections as a rebuke to the New Deal, and predicted a Democratic defeat in 1944, neither the interpretation nor the prophecy was at all certain. To a greater extent than most people realize, decisions affecting the home front are being made by Army procurement officials and by business execu-

tives in the War Production Board, the Office of Price Administration and in other war agencies. Then, too, the Congress, through its handling of taxation and farm prices and its general failure to implement the Administration's anti-inflation campaign, is partly responsible for the unsatisfactory turn in domestic affairs; and the present Congress is belligerently anti-New Deal. Perhaps the trend toward the Republicans merely reflects the normal public reaction to any wartime government. The same anti-administration phenomenon occurred in 1864, when Lincoln was barely re-elected, and again in the Congressional elections of 1918. Whatever be the significance of the results, a disturbing feature was the lightness of the vote.

Contract for the Miners. Finally, after wage negotiations protracted since last March, Secretary of the Interior Ickes, acting for the Federal Government, gave the nation's 600,000 coal miners a contract. A matter of thirty-seven and one-half cents had brought badly needed coal production to a standstill for the fourth time since May 1, and instant action was imperative. The few pennies became the cause of a work stoppage when the War Labor Board refused to approve a contract, negotiated by John L. Lewis with the Illinois Coal Operators Association, calling for a basic \$8.50 day, but countered with an offer of \$8.12½ to stay within the "Little Steel" formula. Mr. Ickes adjusted the matter by the simple and sensible expedient of adding fifteen minutes to the miners' working day, thus giving them their \$8.50, but with no change in rates. Although the raise conceded to the miners remains technically within the "Little Steel" yardstick, it is greatly to be feared that other industries will now seek pretexts for blanket wage increases. Should this happen, the powerful farm bloc will force higher prices on agricultural products and touch off the inflationary spiral which the country has been trying to avoid. Perhaps the time has come to modify the flat-percentage wage increase enshrined in the "Little Steel" formula. As President Philip Murray, of the C.I.O., pointed out many months ago, a flat-percentage increase benefits the high-wage groups more than it helps the small wage earners, although it is the latter who need assistance now. The possibility of changing the "Little Steel" formula along these lines is hereby commended to the attention of Congress and the War Labor Board.

The "Protestant." Some non-Catholic friends of ours, devoted to tolerance and fair play, have been asking us why we do not regularly refute the scurrilous rubbish spewed forth by Kenneth Leslie's magazine, the *Protestant*. For an answer to this question, we kindly refer them to an article, "The Camouflaged Communist Press," which appears in the current issue of the *American Mercury*. Frederick Woltman, the author, there describes how the Communist Party seeks to disseminate its propaganda among guileless people by making use of outwardly respectable "false-front journals," such as *Science and Society*, *In Fact* and the *Prot-*

estant. Here is what Mr. Woltman says of Mr. Leslie's publication:

Even the domain of religion is not exempt. The *Protestant*, presenting itself as a pious exponent of liberalism in religion, follows the party line unswervingly. Recently its religious zeal took the strange form of a defense of the Soviet executions of the Polish-Jewish Socialists, Ehrlich and Alter.

From this it will be clear why we do not bother to notice the *Protestant*. Our space is so limited that we feel every inch of it should be devoted to serious matters. Perhaps we are wrong. Indeed, we almost thought so some time ago when the Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, was so badly duped as to lend his name and prestige to Mr. Leslie's magazine. (Mrs. Roosevelt did also, but recanted as soon as the mistake was called to her attention.) But then Mr. Ickes, for all his great ability and sympathy for the masses, appears to remain a rather credulous babe in the ideological woods.

Politics As Usual. Recently New Yorkers were treated to an open view of figures that ordinarily remain well concealed behind the scenes of the political stage. The figures were not very nice. Nor were their actions. Both, figures and actions, should have aroused a storm of anger, resentment, housecleaning. Strangely, they did not. One reaction was a bored, "So what? That sort of thing is as old as politics. We cannot hope to change it." Another common reaction was: "Aw, what's the use?" And people stayed home on Election Day or voted with a despairing fatalism, certain that their lone votes would do no good. Maybe they are right. People in a democracy, authorities tell us, get the kind of government they deserve, sometimes better, never worse. It may be we deserve no better. As a people we are far too tolerant of greed and graft in high places, too tolerant of the spoils system, too tolerant of the workings of wrong influence. It may be, too, that there is more truth than we care to realize in the maxim that democracy can work only in small units. Until and unless we can restore the small neighborhoods in our cities, democracy in our large cities will be and remain only a formality, only a sham.

The Hoey Award. Speaking at the conferring of the James J. Hoey Award for Interracial Justice on October 31, Monsignor John A. Ryan remarked that many who are willing to recognize the great teachings of our Faith in a general sort of way, avoid them when they are brought down to specific fields of conduct. The Hoey Award was instituted to honor and encourage Catholic laymen who exemplify such specific teachings and use specific methods in the matter of race relations, and this idea was thoroughly instanced in the case of the two men who were chosen to receive the medal for the year 1943: Philip Murray, President of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and Ralph H. Metcalfe, Mobile Units Service Director for the National Catholic Community Service and former Olympic athletic champion. Mr. Murray's specific

instrument for fulfilling the Seventh Beatitude was his influence and personal example in the labor movement. "We do not seek Utopia," he said, "but do seek to use the instruments we have at hand to reduce to the lowest possible minimum acts of discrimination." Mr. Metcalfe's field has been the active and difficult one of recreation and morale for Negro troops in continually changing areas. Both men have deeds, not mere words, to their everlasting credit. They have driven some sharp nails into the coffin of interracial defeatism.

Loose Change. Maryjane-aged-two does not understand taxation. She is not unique in that, only in admitting her ignorance. "It confuses me," says she with a lisp too slight to be reproduced in print. She does know two things or maybe three: there is a lot of loose money around; the Government needs it badly to fight a global war (and to fight inflation, she says); the Government is having a hard time shaking loose the loose change. Yet nightclubs and theatres and movies are jammed as never before. The World Series broke financial records. Football is having a banner year. Many young people are getting salaries out of all proportion to their age and experience, and spending recklessly. Only the other day, says Maryjane-aged-two, who follows closely the picture papers, an inquiring photographer asked various people how big a war bond they would be willing to buy if seats to a certain dream prize fight were to be distributed on a war-bond basis. Their willingness ran as high as \$7,500 for one ticket. Maryjane-aged-two is shocked that Americans, who have the money their Government needs, wait to have it teased out of them by a prize fight, or an autograph or somebody's stocking, or a ticket to a popular radio program or a Hollywood kiss. Of course, she is young, is Maryjane-aged-two, but she thinks that people who have money to give should give as generously to their country as mothers who have only sons to give.

Philippine Anniversary. The celebration, on November 15, of the eighth anniversary of the inauguration of the Philippine Government will be more fraught with hope than any that preceded it. After the tragedies of the first months—when American arms were driven relentlessly back across the Pacific—and the slow turn of the tide, the flood of American attack is beating hard upon the Japanese defenses. The Filipinos are taking their full share—and more—of the fighting. The world can never produce a people fitter for freedom. A small, peaceable nation, handed over from one great power to another, its people have shown that they love their homeland and count no sacrifice too great in its cause. America cannot but be grateful to the Filipinos who, when their islands were overrun, fought the hopeless delaying action that gave us time to breathe and gird ourselves for the fight. Americans cannot but resent, with indignation, the gratuitous insult offered to loyal Filipinos by the Spanish Government's note of congratulation to a Filipino Quisling.

UNDERSCORINGS

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XII, wrote a special message commending the University of Notre Dame on the completion of 100 years of Christian education. The Holy Father recalled how he had once seen the "quiet beauty, the simple grandeur, the spiritual tranquillity" of Notre Dame. His letter, read as the climax of the centennial celebration, profoundly stirred students, members of the faculty and friends of the University.

► Speaking on Pan American Airways' "Forum of the Future," the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, made this statement:

Never for a moment must we lose sight of the fact that we are fighting for a victory which will purify and invigorate our culture. . . . And that culture is a family society. The rights, dignity and sanctity of the family are imbedded in it. What has happened in our times to weaken the stability of the family, to supplant it by state controls, militates against a beneficent Christian world order.

► In his current series of articles in *Collier's*, Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, writes that Italian and German missionaries, interned in Egypt, have been arbitrarily and unfairly treated, sometimes with unnecessary harshness.

► The week-long Eucharistic Congress celebrated in Tulancingo, Mexico, under the auspices of the Bishop, Most Rev. Miguel Dario Miranda, saw many of the meetings conducted under the direction of Unions of workers in the respective areas. The aim of the Congress, says N.C.W.C. *News Service*, was "to saturate the social and economic life of the people with the love of Christ."

► German control of northern Italy is hampering the Holy Father's appointment of Bishops there, reports *Religious News Service*, because of the difficulty of the new Bishops' taking an oath of loyalty to the Crown.

► Word from Korea reveals that twenty-three missionaries of St. Columban are still actively engaged in that country. Similarly it is known that a group of Sisters of Charity of Mount Saint Joseph, Ohio, are remaining voluntarily in Japanese-occupied Shanghai to work among the sick interned in that city. General Douglas MacArthur is said to have promised to facilitate the return of missionary priests and Religious to the stations in the Solomon Islands at the earliest possible moment.

► Two more Army Chaplains have given their lives in the service, Lieut. Chaplain Alfred W. Johnson, S.J., of Los Angeles, and Lieut. Chaplain Patrick Moloney, O.F.M., of the Sacred Heart Province of the Franciscan Order.

► Father Neil J. Doyle, Army Chaplain, of Hartford, Connecticut, who subsequently was killed in combat, finished his last Mass on his knees in the midst of front-line firing. Father Terence T. Brady, Army Chaplain, of Springfield, Illinois, went to his death in the Solomons rushing to aid victims of a direct hit by a Japanese mortar shell.

► In Washington, D. C., the new Rector of the Catholic University of America, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. McCormick, was formally installed on November 9.

THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the last week of October changes have occurred on the Russian front. The Germans have been rapidly pushed out of the area just north of the Crimea, which is now cut off by land from the remainder of the German army.

This fact is not a great victory, and does not necessarily presage the loss of the German army in the Crimea, assuming the Germans have not left already. The German High Command, which has played safe this year, has had plenty of time to withdraw from the Crimea. They have the option of defending the entire peninsula; or they may defend only the fortress of Sevastopol; or they may leave the Crimea. Even if the land route is cut, the sea passage is open. Using the sea route only, the Russians held the Crimea for some eight months. The plan of the German strategists may now be to try to do the same.

The greatest battle on the Russian front has been continuing day and night uninterruptedly in the south Ukraine, just north of the large industrial and mining city of Krivoi Rog. On October 25, the Russians were five miles away. In the following week no gains were made. Here the Germans have turned, and have been attacking the Russians since the 29th. The Germans claim that their attack is making good progress; the Russians admit being attacked, but state their lines are holding. At date of writing the result of what is really a stupendous battle is yet undetermined.

Another important event of the week is the advance of the American and Australian forces in the Solomon Islands. On October 27, the Allies landed troops on the small Treasury Islands. These are just a few miles south of Bougainville. The latter is an island 120 miles long, supposed to be full of Japanese. There were only a few Japs on the Treasury Islands when the Allied forces arrived, and these fled.

On the 28th, the Allies landed on Choiseul, another island, ninety miles long, close to Bougainville. There were no Japanese at the beach where this landing occurred. On November 1, the Allies landed on Bougainville itself. This looks as if it might be the commencement of a major Pacific campaign.

In Italy, the combined American and British armies are making daily gains, at various parts of the front amounting to from one to four miles. For the entire armies, during October, the advance has been about thirty miles on the west end of the line, and fifteen miles on the east end.

This is not a fast advance, but the country is mountainous, and the going hard. It has involved some strenuous fighting, consisting of one big battle along the Volturno and a multiplicity of small ones, nearly all of which have been determined in the Allied favor.

In the meantime, the Germans and their Fascist aids under Mussolini are organizing central and north Italy to resist the attack northwards towards Rome and beyond, which they know is coming.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

IN spite of election day, food crises, coal strikes, and military and naval victories, the news from our Secretary of State in Moscow outshone everything else, and the spotlight immediately fell on the Senate, where it had been intermittently for over a week anyhow. Where did the Moscow agreements leave the Senate? What would the Senate do about them? What would become of the Connally Resolution? These questions were vital to our whole foreign policy.

There was no doubt in Washington that the news from Moscow fell like a bombshell in the Senate. The *Congressional Record* mirrors the sort of stupor that prevailed. Here that august body had been debating for more than a week a Foreign Affairs Committee measure for postwar collaboration which had all the earmarks of an Administration "must," and which had an obvious relation to what was going on in Moscow. One small group had all along been trying to amend the Resolution in terms of a more definite commitment to a world organization, and this "little group of wilful men" (Ball, Burton, Hill and Hatch, or "B.H.") had been stigmatized as obstructionists or worse. Chairman Connally was fuming at the delay.

Lo and behold, when the agreements made at Moscow were presented to the Senate, it was revealed that point 4 of the Joint Four-Nation Declaration, as actually negotiated by Mr. Hull, was almost identical with the Pepper Amendment, supported by the B.H. group, and was far from the vague terms of the Connally Resolution, and that it was also entirely in accord with article 5 of the identical Declaration of the three religious groups. The result of this was a complete deflation of the Connally forces, and the revelation that the "obstructionism" of B.H. was a providential delay. Had the Connally Resolution passed last week, the Senate would have been the laughing-stock of the country and the world. Mystery: how did the weak Connally Resolution ever come into being in the first place, and why the desperate attempts to pass it before the end of the Moscow meeting?

In a week of anti-climaxes, the new Connally amendment, tacking the Moscow fourth point onto the Resolution and, adding a caution about the U. S. Constitution (the Willis Amendment), was the climax of anti-climaxes. It was a final proof of the sincerity of the B.H. Senators that, after having abandoned their own resolution for the Pepper amendment, they now generously accepted Mr. Connally's amendment and allowed it to appear that Moscow's "international organization" was what he had meant all along by "international authority." There is nothing to hinder me, however, from remarking that Mr. Connally's "authority" could well have been some power alliance, and the Moscow "organization" is anything but that.

Correction. I made no mention on October 30 of the important part played by Senator David I. Walsh in the defeat of the Federal Education bill. The omission was entirely due to the need for making a press deadline. WILFRID PARSONS

SHALL PUERTO RICO ALWAYS BE UNCLE SAM'S STEPCHILD?

R. A. McGOWAN

I APOLOGIZE for being able to write this article. It is a somewhat intimate account of the proposal that Puerto Rico elect its own Governor and of the necessary ensuing changes in law. I can write an intimate account only by having been a party to the proposed changes, and the apology is due because I was on the advisory governmental committee which drew up the proposals. That is what has worried me. There are many things in the work of government that priests can and should do. But I confess that I am still doubtful whether I should have sat on a committee to recommend changes in the relations of the United States to what is perhaps its most important colony. However, I did it because the Government asked me, in war time, to do it and because, while I am about as ignorant a person as you can find on the details of government, I do love Puerto Rico and I was afraid that the Government might travel farther for another person and fare still worse.

Besides, there were two other considerations. In the committee I should not have to decide either on whether Puerto Rico should be independent or whether Puerto Rico should be a State. There was the clear-cut and single issue of the Puerto Rican election of a Governor. Puerto Rico may be ready sometime for independence; but as long as its economy is so much a sugar economy, and a high-cost sugar economy at that, independence outside the American tariff union would mean the quick death of tens of thousands of Puerto Ricans through starvation. Puerto Rico lives chiefly by selling high-cost sugar to American consumers; cut adrift in the world sugar market, Puerto Ricans would die like flies. We did not have to argue that issue.

As for statehood, it had seemed to me all along that a State's powers and psychology are not good enough for a people so different from Continentals as Puerto Ricans are. Besides, Puerto Rico gets financial benefits by not being a State. I know that, in the present status of Puerto Rico, Congress can annul any of its laws; but Congress never has exercised that power. I know, too, that the President had to keep some power of veto over Puerto Rican laws because of the international situation; yet that power might be whittled down.

At any rate, I did not have to sit on a committee weighing the issues of independence versus statehood—the first of which seemed to me suicidal and the second not good enough and even, under present circumstances, definitely bad.

Moreover, I knew several of the other members of the committee personally and the rest by reputation, and I thought I was to be in good company—which turned out to be true. I know Judge Travieso of the Puerto Rican Supreme Court and Muñoz Marín, the head of the new and dominant Popular Party; and I admired them, if for different qualities, immensely. I knew by reputation Senators Iriarte and Ramírez Ibañez. I knew Governor Tugwell and admired him for going along with the economic legislation which the Puerto Rican legislature recently passed. The two other members of the committee I knew only by their reputation—that self-confessed curmudgeon, Secretary Ickes and his able Under-Secretary, Fortas. I could not imagine any of these men doing any deliberate dirt to Puerto Rico. And so I went along on the committee.

There were a good many technical details in the committee's work which I knew little about. There was the question, for example, of the respective powers of the Auditor and the Governor over finances. Once I thought I had the right solution. A far better one appeared, following lengthy discussions, which I was glad to accept.

But the main points were not among such important details as that. The main points were:

1. Would any proposed changes in the law prevent Puerto Rico from going through with its own economic reconstruction?
2. Would it be possible to allow Puerto Rico to change its educational system?
3. What about future developments in the status of Puerto Rico?

We had to assume the power of Congress to annul laws—a power never used in the past, but one quite tempting when there will be a locally elected Governor. We had to assume—and yet if possible diminish—the veto power of the President.

We agreed quickly on the election of a Governor and his term of office and, less quickly and I think wisely, on the question of succession to office. No member of the committee had any illusions that an elected Governor would always be a good Governor, the Puerto Ricans least of all. Regardless of their other differences, they all wanted him to have larger powers than it seemed to me he should have—I come out of the Jeffersonian tradition of popular election of many officials—but they voted me down. Yet that is a detail. They wanted a legal framework for a strong executive under the control of a strong and responsible legislature. So be it.

But I was still interested in the three points, economic reconstruction, education, future changes in the fundamental law of Puerto Rico. A country has to risk a great deal when it decides to go democratic; just as it risks a great deal when it becomes a colony. Puerto Rico has now the chance to rule itself far more largely than ever before. I wanted to see to it, if I could, that these three points would be cared for as far as possible.

The first, on economic reconstruction, presented no serious troubles for the work of the committee, except indirectly. The costly coastwise shipping changes were not involved; the Supreme Court is no longer annulling fairly reasonable economic legislation; the President's power to veto Puerto Rican laws might be so written, and we did so write it (I hope), as to prevent a reactionary President from vetoing good Puerto Rican legislation at will; no changes in the law of Federal relationship to Puerto Rico seemed to endanger the ability of Puerto Rico to act.

This and the second point, on education, are to my mind crucial in the present life of Puerto Rico. You see, the United States took Puerto Rico in an unjust war of conquest forty-five years ago. The United States then immediately imposed, by a combination of law, private investment and propaganda, the economic system which has finally ruined Puerto Rico. It is a system of producing for export only, of buying consumers' goods from the United States, and of hastening the concentration of ownership. Done in an agricultural country which relies on a couple of crops—one of which, coffee, is ruined periodically by hurricanes—this set-up is about as bad a thing in its effects as you have ever seen. There is no other such large-scale abysmal poverty in any other civilized part of the Americas or in Europe as there is in Puerto Rico.

Puerto Rico is trying now to correct this heritage of tragedy. Electing a Governor in Puerto Rico throws this issue into politics and may temporarily defeat it; that, however, is the perpetual gamble which people take with their governments, but take with smaller odds when their government is of their own choice. Our committee, it seems to me, recommended no changes in the legal relationships of the United States to Puerto Rico which would of themselves hamper Puerto Rican progress in economic development and reform.

The United States, forty-five years ago, also imposed an educational system which has never fitted the people or their needs. Our Government has controlled Puerto Rican education from the beginning; the President appoints the Commissioner of Education and the law then gives the Commissioner absolute powers over the teachers, the finances and the curriculum—the last with the check of the Governor (himself another Presidential appointee) if he wishes to use it, although he does not ordinarily do so. From the beginning, our Government has imposed on Puerto Rico the ordinary public school system of the United States.

The biggest argument on education in Puerto Rico has been whether Spanish should be the language of instruction and, if so, for how many years.

That is an important matter; mothers help children to learn, and if the child is taught in English in school and the mothers know only Spanish, or know English only poorly, the children lack an essential part of their education. The still more important thing is not the language of instruction, but whether the schools give children the technical knowledge and training that are needed to make their country support its people and whether the schools give them the moral training and the religious drive to use the knowledge properly.

As to the Spanish-English issue, the decisions have changed every couple of years. In respect of technical knowledge and moral training, Puerto Rican schools have aped the public schools of the United States and have even lagged behind them. The schools have not been used as means of training people how to use the resources of the island so that its people can live. They have not been used for training people in the moral principles and the religious drive to use such technical knowledge, once imparted.

Our committee proposed giving power to the legislature to rewrite the powers of all sections of the executive department of government, including the power of the Commissioner of Education. It proposed also that a Board of Education be established to advise the Governor on education in the island. That is, at any rate, a start. A revision of the powers of the Commissioner and the appointment of a Board of Education can help a great deal.

Maybe Puerto Rico will then develop a school system to fit its needs.

But it cannot do so completely so long as a certain United States law stands on the books. It is the only Federal law of its kind. There is no like Federal law for any other United States territory or possession; Puerto Rico is uniquely handicapped. It is a law vetoing the use of Puerto Rican property or money for religious education—or for any religious purpose including, I imagine, office space for Chaplains of the Army or the penitentiaries. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma introduced it as an amendment one somnolent May afternoon in 1916; a scantily attended House of Representatives let it pass without a record vote and no protest was thereafter made. So by the law of the Puerto Rican land, through the will of an indifferent Congress, the Puerto Rican government cannot, for example, lend its school buildings for religious education.

There were here three problems. Puerto Ricans have rarely asked for any important changes in the law of their relationships with the United States, short of the change to independence or statehood; Congress, on its part, has been indifferent, ignorant and dilatory. How to get changes in these laws? The Puerto Rican economic system is bad, and the responsibility for changing it is both Puerto Rican and Continental. How provide a way of economic change? The election of a Governor will shift, I think, the whole political discussion of Puerto Rico away from the traditional argument over independence or statehood into the question of more powers of self-government, but not statehood, inside the American union. How can the

United States and Puerto Rico work that problem out?

The proposals arrived at (which allow, also, for a decision upon independence or statehood) are:

1. There shall be no changes in the organic relations of the United States and Puerto Rico without the concurrence of the people of Puerto Rico. That is, Congress is asked to express its intention not to pass fundamental laws upon Puerto Rico without Puerto Rican approval; and the implication is that Puerto Rico can take the initiative in proposing changes. I greatly hope it will.

2. The President will not veto any Puerto Rican law unless it violates American security, international obligations or the basic relationships of Puerto Rico and the United States. (At least that is the way I understand the matter.)

3. A joint United States-Puerto Rican committee will be set up to study and propose economic reforms and future political changes.

There is one office the committee agreed on, about which I am dubious. There is to be a kind of Commissioner-General for Puerto Rico. I know that the foreign relations of the United States have to be represented there. Some one, too, has to coordinate the sprawling services of the United States in Puerto Rico. And some one has to be an intermediary with the President. If one person is to do this work, I wanted him resident in the United States. Preferably I wanted his office to be divided by function so that the State Department would have one man on Puerto Rican Foreign Relations, and the Interior Department have another man on internal matters. I lost. One man is to do it all and is to reside in Puerto Rico. I am still afraid of his power and influence.

Yet, if he is the right kind of man, he can do a world of good. He will sit on the joint committee on economic and political changes and will select half of its members. That committee will recommend an economic program and will recommend both detailed changes in the laws of our relationships with Puerto Rico and more fundamental changes. He will be resident in Puerto Rico and can, if he wishes and knows enough, influence Puerto Rican life for the good. Presumably the Commissioners-General of the future will follow the varied stripes of past Governors.

Almost, one wants independence for Puerto Rico; almost one wants statehood for Puerto Rico. One surely wants something that will let Puerto Ricans work out, as far as they can, their own salvation. The present proposal has the virtue of letting Puerto Rico do so more than at any time in its history.

In the last ten years, Puerto Rico has been trying to make its economic resources and abilities give a living to its people. Now it is to have more political self-government through the election of its own Executive. But deeper still is its need of cultural self-development in terms of its own religious and moral code. That centers in Puerto Rican education. I shall never think that my work on the Committee was greatly worth while unless it helps Puerto Rico to change its educational system.

A NEW ERA IN PUERTO RICO?

WALTER M. JANER

THE 450th anniversary year of the discovery of the Island of Puerto Rico by Columbus may also mark the beginning of the fourth period of its political life. When Congress resumes its sessions, the Bill for Home Rule, already recommended by President Roosevelt, will be introduced. Suggestions both for independence and statehood have also been voiced before the legislature, but Home Rule is the most favored of the various possibilities.

Columbus himself inaugurated the first of Puerto Rico's four phases of political existence when he skirted the west coast, anchored in a calm, large bay to refill his emptied water casks and claimed the land for Spain.

During the period of colonization, Puerto Rico was on one of the world's busiest pathways—the stopping place for merchantmen, galleons and brigantines plying between Europe and the New World. The Indians of Puerto Rico were gradually subjugated, enslaved and exterminated by the white *conquistadores*. Slaves were imported to work the fields. With the disappearance of the original inhabitants, the island—Borinquen, as the Indians called it—passed completely into Spain's hands.

Around the settlement of San Juan battlements arose, and at the extreme tip of the small island on which the city stands today the blunt walls of El Morro gradually took shape. Many a time these walls kept out the Dutch, French and English pirates who struggled for centuries for the coveted treasure ships of Spain. Drake, the famous English pirate, attacked San Juan in 1595 but was repulsed; the Earl of Cumberland succeeded in capturing and holding the island three years after Drake's failure. In the seventeenth century the Dutch took San Juan, and legend preserves a romantic tale of the Dutch captain who offered to fight a duel with any Spanish officer, the city to go to the winner. A Spanish nobleman responded to the challenge and wounded the honest Dutchman, who, true to the chivalry of the day, retired and sailed away. In the following century Spain and England were again at war and the English once again invaded Puerto Rico and stationed themselves at Miramar, a present residential section of San Juan. History does not record the reason why these invaders left; but there were great swamps nearby which today have been converted into a great airfield. Did fever defeat the English?

The second period of Puerto Rican political life might have begun during the first half of the last century instead of in 1898, if the island had succeeded in breaking away from Spain with the rest of the other New World Spanish Dominions. An attempt was made in 1820 but it was quickly sup-

pressed. The quick events of the Spanish-American War pushed Spain back into Europe, opened the gates to the influx of Yankee prosperity and materialistic progress, and inaugurated the second era of political life, which lasted until 1917.

For two years after Puerto Rico was ceded by Spain to the United States, a military government prevailed, which in 1900 gave way to a civil organization under the Foraker Act. This created a rather unusual situation and continued for seventeen years. Puerto Ricans were declared citizens, not of the United States, but of Puerto Rico; but since Puerto Rico was not a sovereign state and the people were no longer subjects of Spain, they became a people without a country! At last, in 1917, the Congress of the United States acted for the benefit of the Puerto Ricans and initiated the third period of their political life.

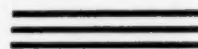
The Jones-Shafroth Act, commonly known as the Organic Act, was passed in that year. It greatly increased the political liberty of the people of Puerto Rico. They were made citizens of the United States, were given a Resident Commissioner in Washington and a Senate was established in addition to the already existing House of Representatives. The Governor and the Auditor, however, were still to be appointed by the President of the United States; and though Bills could be passed by the Puerto Rican Legislature over the appointed Governor's veto, still the President or the Congress of the United States could and can nullify a Puerto Rican law. Although the people enjoy a far greater measure of control over their own affairs than they ever possessed under Spain and the Foraker Act, yet they consider themselves a national group with an Hispanic background; and feeling that they have reached the point where they should govern themselves, they find anything else unacceptable.

The many problems of Puerto Rico have been brought before the public during the past year. They are very complex and have been called "unsolvable." However, a fourth epoch of Puerto Rican history is about to begin, if the repeated attempts to establish Home Rule are successful at last. President Roosevelt has urged the consideration of this just plan to Congress. This will give the people the opportunity to elect their own Governor and bring about a redefinition of the function and power of the Federal Government in its relations with the Government of Puerto Rico. Significant as a milestone along the way to a real understanding was the appointment of a Committee of Eight to advise the Chief Executive regarding the changes he will propose to Congress. Four of these men are native Puerto Ricans and one of them is Father R. A. McGowan of the National Catholic Welfare Council, who will be able to appreciate the Catholic background that plays such an important role in any dealings with Latin Americans.

When so many are dying to make this world a better place to live in, this practical application of the Atlantic Charter is very reassuring and will do more for a real rapprochement with the peoples to the South than many legations or good-will speeches.

AFRICA AND AMERICA MEET IN TRINIDAD

DOM BASIL MATTHEWS



THE countryside is the typical setting of the social problem in Trinidad. In normal times eighty per cent of the half-million population live in the country districts around an agricultural economy. There, as elsewhere, many, if not most, of the social problems center about the well being of the rural family. The scale of workers' wages is deplorable by any rational standard. The average daily pay for a worker in the cane fields is forty to fifty cents for a man, twenty-five to forty-five cents for a woman, and from four to fourteen cents for juveniles. My figures have been computed from official records. On the cocoa plantations wages are still lower. More than eighteen per cent of the women are agricultural wage earners. Together with their husbands and, in many cases, their children too, they do not earn a living family wage. Their combined weekly wage falls well below an estimated nine or ten dollars for the bare weekly subsistence of a rural family consisting of man, wife and one child. (I have estimated this cost of living on the basis of a parallel one officially made for the island of Jamaica.)

The standard of living is, as we might expect in these circumstances, poles removed from the ideals of *Quadragesimo Anno*. Far from being "a singular help," the prevailing standard is a "hindrance" to virtue. Some of these hindrances are undernourishment and disease. An official survey disclosed that every adult above twenty years of age is affected by deficiency diseases. Disreputable housing and poor educational facilities are other hindrances. In 1931 there were six barracks and five rooms in backyards for every dwelling house. In other words there were eleven subhuman habitations to one decent house. These hindrances to virtue stem directly from the inadequate wage rate. The wage scheme is itself a product of the Colonial System of plantation economy.

The percentage of working women in Trinidad is nearly as great as it is in the United States. Their occupation in field labor away from the home creates an array of other social problems. In a society patterned along class lines, the undignified status of the workingman contributes to the maintenance of the low status of women. In general, the organization of family life is in a critical state of transition from old African folk ideals and practice to the Christian way.

Three main family types can be seen in the Colony. First there is the family formed by the Church marriage of man and wife. Corresponding to the Church ceremony among East Indians is matrimony according to Hindu or Moslem rites. East Indians form more than one-third of the entire

population. Christian marriage is recognized by law. The Hindu ceremony is without legal recognition. This anomaly accounts for somewhat more than one-third of the sixty-five per cent illegitimate birth rate given in the 1940 Vital Statistics.

Next there is the simple consent union of two people in old African style. No ecclesiastical or legal formality accompanies it. This type is met with in all sections of the cosmopolitan population. The partners to these unions are usually single persons. In the average, families formed in this manner have been hardly less durable than those blessed by the Church. In practice, however, their duration is a matter of great uncertainty, depending upon the whims of the principal breadwinner.

For the sake of convenience the third type of family may be called "matriarchal." It grows out of the union of a man and a woman not joined by any matrimonial tie and not habitually living together under a common roof. Ordinarily one of the parties is in some other marriage bond. More often than not it is the man. He may have started that family before or after his formal marriage to another person. His married partner is probably the one who fits into his social set. This plural mating is another hangover from African folk tradition.

Civil marriage is not common. When it occurs it is the talk of the town. It is regarded with disapproval and always it is the social climbers who resort to it. These climbers are generally in the chains of an ecclesiastical impediment to a second marriage. Desiring social, or at least legal recognition, they seek it at the doors of the court. Their action embarrasses their less progressive relatives and friends.

Why is public opinion tolerant of concubinage or common-law unions? The founding of a family by the simple consent of man and woman was an integral part of the African culture which Negroes brought with them to the West Indies. The impact of Christian preaching hit the old folkway hard. It is changing. The people's own designation for concubinage is "living in sin." This shows that the popular conscience is Christian and disapproves of certain of its traditional folk values even though it is found difficult to make the transition from the old folkway. Since concubinage was once the "correct" thing, it is not easy to develop public feeling and emotion against it.

In the past, plantation owners and taskmasters took advantage of the African folkway. That abuse was the origin of the mixed-bloods. The mixed-bloods shared eventually in the prosperity of their comfortable ancestors. Their social advancement was born of a promiscuity for which the mixed-bloods themselves were not to blame. Promiscuity received social recognition in the plantation system. It became the usual thing, although never the universally "correct" thing. To the African it had no immoral implications. In the light of European example it even came to seem a badge of liberality and social attainment. Nothing was better calculated to reinforce the traditions of the old African home than the sex mores of colonization, plantation style.

The Church preached the dignity of Christian marriage. It exalted Christian wifehood and motherhood. Meanwhile, economic exploitation kept the masses in all the squalor and debasement of serfdom. The capitalists lived well, married Christian wives, gave them comfortable homes. Marriage brought prestige to the Christian family. What was the reaction of the plantation hand? He felt that he was not justified in entering Christian marriage unless he could raise his wife and himself from present economic inanition and provide a home befitting a Christian wife. Plantation wage rates prevent him from doing this. Marriage seemed a rash thing. The common excuse for not sanctifying a natural union is "we cannot afford it." This applies not merely to the expenses of the wedding. The people want to see the difference between a Christian and non-Christian union expressed in terms of social and economic uplift. For to them Christianity is civilization. So they were led to believe. Unable to measure up to their conception of the civilized standard, they continue passively "in sin." This attitude is incorrect; yet its underlying economic philosophy is Catholic. According to the statement of the American Bishops "the workman is entitled to a family wage, which must be an amount sufficient not only to support husband, wife and children in frugal and decent comfort, but to provide against sickness, unemployment, infirmity and old age."

Divorce, to the great bulk of Trinidadians, is damnable. In 1931, a few wealthy foreigners, backed by a few local social climbers, obtained Imperial enactment of a divorce law in the teeth of popular opposition. The Christian people, Catholic and Protestant, were united almost to a man in protest. This undemocratic attack on the family ideal was made possible by the autocracy of the Crown Colony system of colonial government. In 1939 there were twenty-five divorces. Eight years after the passage of the law! Ten of these divorces were granted to Christians. Moslems took the remaining fifteen.

When a marriage between poor people is successful, popular philosophy has a word for it: *Every ole bread have he ole cheese*. Often after a parish mission persons who have lived common-law for five, ten, fifteen, twenty and even thirty years regularize. Not infrequently the union breaks up soon after. Why? The family is poor. The wife insists on being the "lady" of the house. Underpaid, her husband cannot meet her legitimate demands or supply the family needs. Where she was formerly content with privilege, she now stresses her rights. Extra-domestic activity to make a living is taboo to the average West Indian wife.

The conditions of social and economic life which have been developed or fostered under the colonial system of plantation economy are such that "nowadays," to quote Pius XI, "vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary, namely, their eternal salvation." Reconstruction of the social order in Trinidad is an urgent matter. All men of good will should lend a helping hand.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A PRISONER

PIERRE GOUBE, S.J.

[The following notes record the experiences and thoughts of a French priest after an internment of more than sixteen months in various Nazi concentration camps.—Ed.]

IN a Washington motion picture house the anti-Nazi film was just ending. Upon the retina of the audience was still impressed the image of the atrocity scene which for a short moment had violently moved them. As if to free himself from an oppressive thought, one of the audience uttered a word which fell like a condemnation: "Propaganda."

Propaganda! And then a vaudeville scene banished the remembrance of the spectacle.

However, what if the atrocity scene were true?

It creates a strange feeling to see projected on a screen scenes of which you have been the direct witness. You feel a little catch at the heart when the person in the chair beside you, who has never experienced hunger, registers a final judgment.

It is true, not all people are able to understand. Once upon a time, even I treated lightly an article about the Nazi persecution in Poland which appeared in Athens when I was there upon a military mission.

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On the auto highway from Brussels to Antwerp a few auto buses which are still kept in service pass rapidly by. Everybody knows that in the neighborhood of Willebrouk it would be imprudent to loiter. The German sentinels would speed the steps of casual observers. Half a mile way, at Breendonk, there is an ancient fortress transformed into a prison by the Gestapo.

The prison has not, in fact, been unsuccessful. Even in 1941 there was plenty of suffering there, and even some deaths.

One behind the other, all day long, men of all nationalities, of all religions and of all social classes push the wheelbarrows loaded with sand and broken concrete. With tools which date from the Pharaohs, the prisoners dismantle a fortress built in the time of Vauban.

The prisoners rise at 4 o'clock. At 5 o'clock they receive for breakfast a cup of a concoction made from roasted acorns, and twenty-five grams of bread. Their work lasts from 5:15 A.M. to 2 P.M. and again from 2:30 P.M. to 7 P.M. At lunch the soup is excellent, but insufficient. As for dinner, it consists of a cup of the acorn concoction, with which you finish—if any of it is left—the bit of bread you got in the morning.

The work is no joke. Sometimes the sentinel sticks the loaded rifle, which he never leaves, be-

tween his legs, and notes a number in his memorandum book. A prisoner has shown too little enthusiasm in pushing his burden. He will be deprived of soup. At two o'clock they give him a military punishment. For half an hour or an hour, on his knees on the tile floor of the fort, he has to perform gymnastics at a very slow rhythm, carrying his heavy tools. If he trembles from exhaustion, the sentinel who controls the punishment of every prisoner will hit the hand of the unhappy man with a switch so sharply that Jacques X may soon have part of his hand eaten by gangrene.

The youngest prisoner is fourteen years old, and the oldest is a Walloon of seventy-four.

One old man of seventy-one, who refused to let himself be overcome by discouragement, talked to me often about his son and the education he had given to him. One evening this latter, a doctor in B—, hearing of the terrible treatment imposed upon his father, crossed the drawbridge which gives access to the interior of the fort. With exquisite courtesy, the Major of the Gestapo listened to his request—he would like to take the place of his father. "Excuse me, doctor, these are war necessities, but you can be sure that your proposal touches me infinitely." Thereupon the young doctor is led into a cell. In place of his civilian clothes, he receives an old washed-out Belgian suit and a number which from this time on will be his identification. Soon the doctor reappears with his head completely shaved. Why, he asks, have they not given him his father's number. The German officer hands it to him: "My dear friend, I am happy to inform you that we shall keep your dear papa here."

Sometimes we are witnesses to scenes of the most revolting sadism. Such, for instance, was the scourging of a prisoner whose wounds were later covered with urine.

One night at 11 o'clock we are awakened by loud cries. Taking their wish for reality, the prisoners believe there is a British raid. Or they "are going to take us to Germany." In the courtyard of the fortress, by torchlight, we assemble hastily. Harsh orders are barked out. We file past on parade step. "Heads right!" What do we see? A completely naked corpse, great eyes open and fixed in an expression of terror. It is George, who tried to escape this morning. Unable to endure such a spectacle, my neighbor in the rank turned his head away. The Nazi officer noticed the revulsion, seized him by the two ears so as nearly to pull them out, drags him over to the corpse: "Look at him. Look at him with both your eyes."

We return to our cells, to sleep if possible. Upset by the scene, my neighbor groans during the night. At three in the morning, seized by a sudden attack of madness, he takes his safety-razor blade and starts to cut the throat of his sleeping companion. How was it that this famished wretch could keep such prodigious strength that it was necessary for three of us to get together in order to subdue him?

Another day a demobilized petty officer, who was later arrested by the Gestapo, refused to work, pleading fatigue. He was taken away and the following morning at dawn, before going to work, we

again had to file past. He was there, seated on the pavement, his face the color of earth. He had received so many blows on the head that one eye was hanging from its socket.

There are more things I could tell. But too many such accounts have already been written. That which has less frequently been told about is the state of mind of these unhappy creatures. What do they think of, these men who work all day, giving the fortress, from an airplane above, the appearance of an immense ant heap?

"Look at the birds that are singing around us," said Jacques O., who is a member of the Bar of L—, one day. "What irony! Human intelligence turns itself against man to increase his suffering. We are proud because our aviators make more than 400 miles an hour, but the barbarism of the twentieth century is the same as that of paganism. I never thought I could live to see so literally realized the film *Ben Hur* which I once so greatly admired."

The less unhappy are, perhaps, the simple kind, those who live on the surface of themselves and of things. They simply go on from day to day.

In contrast, there is the terrible plight of the cultured without any faith (I take this in the widest sense; I might say mysticism). Forced by their very culture into introspection and unable to free themselves of depression, they frequently sink down in discouragement.

Many suicides followed a wave of contagious depression. The first had made careful preparations for his deed. He weighted the pockets of his blouse with heavy stones, then fell, with his wheelbarrow, into the stream which surrounded the fortress. We thought it was an accident. It is difficult enough to save an accidentally drowning person in normal times. When the rescuers can scarcely drag themselves around, and when the victim has taken care to weigh himself down before falling in the water, the problem becomes insoluble. Soon there was a tacit agreement that it was the proper thing to "respect the will of those who had decided not to suffer any more." More and more we had to recognize that the necessity of stiffening ourselves in the face of suffering made us hard, sometimes unendurable one to the other. "Every kind of varnish cracks in the fire," according to the expression of Marshal Foch. A man deprived of his relations, of his bank account, repudiates even the appearance of an altruism which has been, so often, a mere convention. His fine clothes no longer make any impression, his capital is reduced merely to his own human value; it is like the hand of death tearing all things away from him. As in the presence of death, all camouflage, all stucco decorations disappear.

From the psychological point of view, one can learn much by observing the constant grinding effect of the long days in the cell, in the fortress, there where pain appears not as a fugitive cloud but like an opaque sky which can never be pierced by any light from above.

For long physical suffering wears out merely human motives for endurance and inevitably leads to moral suffering. When one or the other type of

suffering gets the mastery of the human being he must necessarily react; he cannot escape it. This double suffering is like a strong wind's current. Certain souls, like finely designed gliders, will soar to the heights on it, but others, poorly equipped, badly prepared for action, will not be able to stand the trial. It will be either a flight or a crash.

An abundant literature has appeared in France, since the Armistice, to explain to Frenchmen that "our dear prisoners" would be matured by lessons of sorrow and would bring a magnificent contribution to the cause of national revolution and to the rehabilitation of ideas and morals. But this too general prophecy runs the risk of failing, in view of the excessive duration of the trial. Let us be realistic and let us rely not on books but on facts.

From the physical standpoint, what will be the condition of these thousands of men, taken from the best physically constituted classes, in the full strength of their age and of fatherhood, after a prolonged stay under conditions of insufficient food and desperate monotony? This aspect of the problem cannot be overlooked.

From the moral point of view, all the prisoners who are liberated or who have escaped, are in agreement in saying that their comrades will remain *marked men*.

Realize, if you can, what absence from home and family means to a man accustomed to affection, what fears he sometimes has, not excepting fear of the infidelity of her whom he loves. Living abnormally in the moral sphere, in the emotional sphere, even more than in the physical sphere, men have lost the habit of personal effort and initiative through the constant exercise of an obedience which is submitted to but never agreed to. Under these conditions many of the prisoners run the risk of carrying over to a later period their practical inability to regain the rhythm of normal life.

Certain characters are only "tempered" like steel by the stagnation of the prison camp; but there is also an immense number for whom this treatment, this trial of the soul, will have been too violent. Separated for a long time from all legitimate satisfaction, nature will claim its rights; it will imperiously demand revenge. Shall we then see a rush towards easy pleasures more widespread even than in 1919, in the first years after the war? Will these men, in whom the vital forces of youth have been eroded, have the necessary moral fibre for postwar life? Will they not concentrate their thoughts on the long parenthesis of those years of misery by trying to remain grouped in associations of former war prisoners, of former political prisoners, all definitely oriented to the past?

Centers are being prepared for the rehabilitation of men mutilated by the war. Perhaps some preparation should be made over and above what is arranged for the cure of bloody wounds and ravaged bodies, in order to heal those who are wounded in their souls. Something more than human science or merely ingenious schemes will be necessary in order to deal with this invisible suffering. It will require the penetrating understanding of an authentic charity.

THE LAST HALF-CENTURY IN BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP

RT. REV. WILLIAM L. NEWTON, S.S.D.

FEW anniversaries lend more justification to retrospect than our present commemoration of the golden jubilee of the *Providentissimus Deus*. This great encyclical letter dealing with the Scriptures was issued by Leo XIII at a time when conditions affecting the study of the Bible were shot through with the uncertainties attendant upon far-reaching changes. The tone of the letter was that of a document marking the turn of an era. It gathered together with the courage of our Faith the substance of all previous pronouncements on the Scriptures; it gave new and clearer expression to traditional principles of interpretation; it set forth fresh counsel for biblical scholars; and all this looked to an immediate future in which developments were expected to be of serious import. The fifty years that have flown by since have witnessed the maturing of the influences then at work, and have revealed the fruits of those influences.

Even a cursory glance over these fifty years will reveal that there has been decided progress in biblical research, such progress as to change radically the whole aspect of the subject. This statement might appear strange in view of the fact that no book has been under such scrutiny as the Bible, or over so long a period; and no book has been so authoritatively, so authentically interpreted. And yet the term "progress" is comfortably at home in any discussion of the biblical sciences.

We are aware of the Divine character of this book, and we do not look for an advance in its doctrinal interpretation, as though we were just now coming to know its teachings. These have been assured us through the Church, a source of revelation as Divine as the Scriptures themselves. Still we are equally aware that the Bible is also a human book, written by men who, though guided by Divine inspiration, used human language, and for men who read that language according to its natural genius. Further, though guarded with all reverence, the Bible has been transmitted to us as a book subject to the same dangers of human error and mutation as any other ancient writing.

It is mainly from this human and natural side of the Scriptures that we must look for progress in scholarship. The books of the Bible were written in languages with which we have long ceased to be familiar; they emanated from a social culture far removed from our own; they suppose political conditions with which we have had little acquaintance. These aspects of the Sacred Writings have imposed

much study and investigation if we would attain to a fuller appreciation of their narrative. And it is here that we discover what great steps forward have been made in recent years.

We cannot, however, disregard the role the Church has played in this progress, at least as it affects Catholic scholarship. A review of ecclesiastical pronouncements and activities touching the Scriptures will be available when the recent encyclical of Pius XII, to be known as the *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, shall have reached us. We can here make mention of a few of these as evidence of the vital influence brought by the *Providentissimus Deus* to bear upon Catholic biblical studies.

The Pontifical Biblical Commission came into being in 1902, and it had as its purpose, at least in part, the encouragement of more thorough scholarship by granting higher degrees in Scripture. In 1907 the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate was erected, and it has set a high standard for Catholics in the matter of textual criticism. A more direct effort to promote advanced biblical studies was made in the establishment of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in 1909. All the dioceses of the world were asked to send to this academy of higher biblical studies capable priests well equipped for such work. At an earlier date, Pius X in his *Quoniam in Re Biblica* (1906) had extended to all theological seminaries counsel touching better teaching and more profound learning on the subject of the Scriptures. In the *Spiritus Paraclitus* (1920), Benedict XV presented Saint Jerome as a model to all Catholic scholars. It should be observed that these documents accumulate into an official declaration on the Scriptures that is without precedent in the annals of the Church. And they are all aimed ultimately at the stimulation of a Catholic scholarship capable of ranking with the best in secular learning.

It is only fair to acknowledge that what biblical studies have accomplished within the past fifty years is owing in great part to the movements inaugurated much earlier in the last century. Literary criticism had gone far in the field of profane literature before it came to be applied to the Scriptures. Archeological research had made considerable progress in other lands before it reached Palestine. And yet the advance in these and other departments of learned investigation has been so noteworthy in the past generation, and results touching biblical interpretation have been so re-

warding, that there is often warrant for looking upon these sciences as new.

Progress in the field of Archeology has been most arresting, and this development has not been without some influence on almost every phase of scriptural study. This was to be expected. Given to a systematic study of antiquity in its culture and development, the contribution of Archeology in recent years to our better understanding of the story of the Bible is little short of amazing. It has brought to our attention a new world, the world that is taken for granted in the Scriptures. It has disclosed aspects of ancient culture of which we knew little or nothing. It has illustrated with fresh detail many of the important junctures of sacred history. It has richly supplemented the data of the Bible by showing its intimate connection with the general history of the ancient East.

This interest in the recovery of the past has had a bearing, through the spirit of research it engenders and in some more direct ways, upon other phases of scriptural study. Of these none is of greater moment than textual criticism, the science directed towards the restoration of the Scriptures in their original languages and form. Many new manuscripts of the New Testament dating from the early centuries of Christianity have been examined and classified; the works of the early Fathers of the Church have been edited critically; the principles of the science have been brought to a high efficiency. No wonder, then, that the results achieved in this area of biblical research have been so eminently satisfying. For the critical editions of the New Testament in Greek it can be claimed that, with the exception of a very few verses, they offer us now the sacred text as it came from the pen of the hagiographers. A similar restoration of the Old Testament in Hebrew is not possible, due to the process by which its uniform recension has come down to us. And yet in this respect also, textual criticism has done much to increase our knowledge of the early witnesses to the Old Testament and to render much less speculative the corrections suggested for the Hebrew.

With this important achievement there has kept pace a correlative development in knowledge of the biblical languages. Archeology has placed in the hands of Semitologists numerous documents written ages ago in forgotten Semitic dialects. From this has grown a new influence, one that has improved considerably our understanding of the language of the Old Testament. No less wonderful have been the fruits of research into the Greek papyri, linguistic evidences dating from the centuries just before and after the time of our Lord. Through these studies a new birth has been given to the grammar and lexicography of the New Testament.

These are but some of the biblical sciences in which notable progress must be recorded. Perhaps more illustrative of the increased activity in this field within later years is the veritable flood of literature that has welled up from all its various sections. Any handbook on the Scriptures in general will manifest how abundant this literature has be-

come. Commentaries taking recent research into account have appeared almost without number. The issuance of periodicals on biblical questions and allied subjects—and there are many of them—has been occasioned by the need of keeping the biblical scholar abreast of his science.

Through the trends evident in this recent biblical literature we learn of further developments in biblical scholarship. We should speak of this as change rather than progress. The literary and historical criticisms of the Bible, so prominent an aspect of its scholarship in the last century, have been forced by late investigations of a more objective character to recall or modify many of their widely held hypotheses. Some would even maintain that the old "Neo-critic School" is now dead. That is perhaps too great a claim. It might be more accurate to say that it has divided into two schools, both more or less retaining the rationalistic temper of their progenitor. There are still many interpreters who carry on the best traditions of this rationalism, presenting us with such extravagances as *Formgeschichte*, the most recent theory for the origin of the Gospels. There are many more, however, who have been influenced by the advance in archeological research. These, as a rule, even when disregarding entirely the Divine inspiration and inerrancy of the Scriptures, take a sounder position.

There is a final illustration of the advance in biblical scholarship within recent years: it is attracting more and more students into its sphere. The Catholic Biblical Association, which is made up principally of scholars and their associates from the United States and Canada, was organized in 1936. For active membership the Association asks that the candidate have a degree in Scripture, or a degree in Theology with specialization and dissertation in Scripture, or ten years of experience teaching Scripture in a major seminary, or unusual qualification in an allied branch. Under these conditions the body has an active membership of some one hundred and seventy, most of whom live in the United States and Canada. Of these, four have the doctorate in Scripture, fifty-five the licentiate, five the baccalaureate; some forty more have the doctorate in Theology with special work in the field of Scripture.

In all respects, therefore, we are justified in looking upon these past fifty years as an era of great progress in biblical scholarship. But this very fact is an earnest of what we may look for in the future when peace has been restored to us. When retrospect gives way to this prospect, the Catholic scholar can entertain feelings of assurance. We are prepared to enter upon any new progress in the biblical sciences that may be made possible; and we shall do so with the sympathy and sure guidance of that Divine Institution which alone is capable of utilizing to its full advantage the fruit of human industry. The *Providentissimus Deus* was indeed the intervention of a provident God at the dawn of an era of unequalled activity in the study of the Scriptures. It is not vain speculation to suppose that the *Divino Afflante Spiritu* may introduce us to another of still more notable advance.

UP to a certain point, criticism of the war effort on the domestic front is at once a democratic safety valve and an incentive to more strenuous and more efficient endeavor.

But criticism can go too far. By stressing failures, it can cause achievements to be overlooked or minimized. It can lead to loss of confidence in those charged with highly critical responsibilities. It can engender distrust of and even hatred for entire groups and classes. Unless controlled, it may even generate widespread dissatisfaction, which in turn leads to apathy and bad morale. "If those nitwits in Washington can't count up to ten," people begin to say, or "if those wage-flushed and power-drunk unionneers don't stay on the job, why should I buy another war bond and work my fingers to the bone?"

Now the fact is that people on the home front are doing a fairly competent job—and so is their Government. Not that there is any room for complacency, or that we can afford to relax our efforts—work fewer hours, buy fewer bonds, go less often to the blood-donor stations, cease our vigilance over prices and the rationing of scarce commodities, give up all effort to use our manpower more efficiently or to persuade the Congress to pass a real anti-inflationary tax bill. If anything, we must intensify our efforts and, so to speak, strive to outdo ourselves. But on the other hand there is no sense in telling ourselves that we are making a mess of things. That simply is not true.

Consider the case of organized labor. Some people, and some newspapers and radio commentators, are at the present time sharply critical of war workers. Reading about a brief strike in the nation's coal-fields, or on a Los Angeles street railway, or in an aircraft plant in Detroit, these war-minded citizens leap at once to the conclusion that labor is conducting business as usual and lying down on the boys overseas. And then they proceed to tell the public about it.

In such cases, it is always helpful to have a look at the general situation, or to compare our record with that of our enemies or our allies. Some of labor's most acidulous critics might be surprised to learn that our workers made a better showing last year with respect to strikes than did the embattled British. With allowance made for our three-to-one advantage in employment, Britain had twenty-nine per cent more strikes in 1942 than we did; and these strikes involved sixty-one per cent more men and caused a loss of seven per cent more man days than strikes in the United States. Yet no one has thought of accusing British workers of being apathetic toward the war or doing business as usual.

Judicious criticism is constructive and essential to the efficient conduct of the war. In the past we have indulged in some ourselves, and as days go on we shall indulge in more. But there is no room for ill-natured and short-sighted carping. People who criticize recklessly are not assisting the progress of the war. They are scattering sand in the gears.

STUDYING PEACE

A SIGN of the times was the opening, on October 31, by Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, of a series of radio talks over Cincinnati's WKRC dealing with peace plans. The recent Declaration by Catholic, Jewish and Protestant religious leaders has evidently stirred up much interest in the problems of organizing peace. Indeed, it would fail of its chief purpose if it did not do so. The Declaration, in the last analysis, is worth no more as an actual force towards a just peace than the efforts of those who have read it, studied it and are willing to implement it so far as they may.

The Archbishop will be followed, in the succeeding talks, by prominent men of different faiths. Most encouraging is this evidence of the public interest; for if our Government, in the negotiation of peace, should have to make a stand on some point of justice, it will do so all the more confidently if it can depend upon an enlightened public opinion at home. As a matter of fact, it would be desirable that such an American public opinion should make itself felt through its representatives at the peace table. It might be well for our diplomats and those of other countries to feel that there are some things that our people will *not* stand for.

Though the American public is usually sound in its ideals and its instincts, it is not always well informed, and may easily mistake the causes of the things it likes or dislikes. With an utter aversion to war, the American people may not realize that social injustice within a nation may be a cause of war. This was one of the points stressed in the Archbishop's speech:

Until the essentials necessary to maintain the physical man in honor are accessible and can be earned by all, we shall have unrest, the beginnings of revolutions, and the acute and proximate causes of war.

And thus speaking he was but echoing the words of Pius XII in the Christmas Allocution of 1942: "A firm and steady peace policy towards other nations is, in fact, impossible without a spirit of peace within the nation . . ."

This is but one of the lessons that we must learn if we wish to steer a peaceful course when the storm of war subsides. Now is the time to learn them. We Catholics should welcome and use every opportunity to make the true principles of peace better known.

THE BIBLE AND THE HOME

THAT the family that prays together will stay together is as true today as it was when grandmother and grandfather knelt on an earthen floor to recite their family Rosary.

It would be difficult to find a finer family prayer than the family reading of the Bible. It is prayer, relaxation, education, enjoyment all rolled into one.

Most parents at some time or other tell Bible stories, but there is a vast difference between telling Bible stories and reading the Bible. There are a charm and power in the inspired words themselves that make the reading aloud of the story of Creation or of the Birth of Christ a far deeper, more thrilling, more lasting experience than the most expert telling in other words. There is a difference, too, a big difference between merely reading the Bible and reading it aloud. The Bible is poetry, and no poetry can be fully appreciated until its music has been captured in the tones of the human voice. And when that voice is warm with a mother's or father's love reading the most beautiful of all poetry. . . .

True, we are living in a world that does not seem to have time for these quiet pursuits. But parents must make time, realizing that nothing in their busy life is more important or more lasting than building the spirit of the home and the souls of their children. They could easily take fifteen minutes from the evening radio time to begin with the story of Christ told in the inspired words of those who knew and loved Christ well.

With the courage and joy of this reading behind them, they will want to venture into the Old Testament, to give to their children God's own story of Creation, and Cain and Abel, and the Flood and the Ark and the tower of Babel. Children will certainly be interested in the story of Job and Ruth and Esther and Joseph and Tobias and the Machabees and the battles of the Kings. They may even surprise their elders by an unexpectedly early appreciation of the poetry of the Psalms, the majesty of the Prophecies and Lamentations, the wisdom of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes.

And if parents themselves should have to study a bit to answer eager questions—well, after all, what are parents for?

FOOD AND PRICES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message of November 1 on the food situation is of capital importance for the matter of which it treats. Food, says the President, "is as important as any other weapon in the prosecution of the war. It will be equally important in rehabilitation and relief in the liberated areas, and in the shaping of the peace."

We cannot afford to repeat any former mistakes which were made in the matter of production, either the *what* is produced, or the *how*:

In planting for 1944, we are determined not to repeat the blunder of the First World War—plowing, and planting crops without regard to the fitness of the land, and without regard to proper soil conservation. The "dust bowl" which was created by these practices has caused too much sorrow and suffering and financial loss in recent years to let us forget the lesson.

The "right plan" calls for the largest increases in production for "those crops which furnish food for direct human consumption."

Nor can we take any risks in the matter of distribution. "It is obvious," says the President, "that there is not enough to furnish all civilians with all the food they want." Hence certain shortages must be accepted, and rationing will need to be consistently carried through.

But of equally capital importance is the issue which is intimately tied up with the production and distribution of food: how far we can still "hold the line" against the ever-mounting pressure for inflation.

The President urges the use of Government funds with which to see that the farmer gets a fair price for his product without passing on the loss to the consumer. "We cannot," he says, "and should not expect the farmers of the nation to increase their production all over the United States if they face the risk of definite loss by such production." The expenditure of \$800,000,000 to accomplish this program, says the President, is not more than the cost to us of waging the war for three days. This, in his opinion, would be a very small price to pay for the security which it would help to assure.

The Government is waging a desperate fight to keep wages stabilized. But "as soon as the price of food goes up materially, workers naturally demand higher wages in order to meet those prices. Higher wages in turn will boost all production costs—for civilian and military items, both." And the spiral is in full swing, strangling the "millions of people with incomes fixed long before the war," the white-collared and professional classes and dependents of all kinds.

No amount of vituperation by pressure groups acting in their own special interests can absolve Congress from the imperative obligation to pass legislation favoring some form of support of prices. Only through some such legislation will, to use the President's words, "the farmer, the consumer, and the distributor, and the Government" be enabled to work together to save us from the abyss of economic calamity.

CARIBBEAN RESEARCH

OUT for the duration, even for exhausted executives, are winter steamer tours through the West Indian islands. But the stay-at-homes may add to their perspective by viewing the whole Caribbean in imagination. An aid to that effort appeared in an article last May in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, reprinted by the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission:

Here is a sea enclosed by chains of islands and the mainland coasts of the southern tip of Mexico, Central America and the northeastern part of South America. If one's eyes move clockwise on the map from Key West, they will progress from the Bahamas, Cuba and Jamaica to the island divided between Haiti and the Dominican Republic, on to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, the Leeward Islands, Guadeloupe, Martinique, the Windward Islands, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, along the coasts of Venezuela and Colombia and the off-shore islands of Curaçao and Aruba, thence on past Panama and the Canal to Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, British Honduras and finally to the Mexican State of Yucatan. It has been noted that one could travel around the circumference of the Caribbean, roughly some 5,000 miles, without ever having to make the trip across more than 120 miles of water. . . .

A traveler going the rounds of the islands and mainland would pass under fifteen different national flags—three of them the flags of nations of the Old World.

The war shuts us off from traveling, but it has created among statesmen a greater sense of the significance of the region as a unit. Obviously, the Caribbean area is a unit for defense, as the locations of our lend-lease bases testify. The Caribbean, too, is a natural link between North and South America, the place where languages, peoples and cultures meet.

But there is another reason for looking upon the Caribbean countries as a unit. Its islands and continental regions share a multitude of problems, social, economic and religious.

Though the problems are experienced in common, there is little similarity in the way they are dealt with by the various governments and agencies in charge. A full inquiry would seem worth while into the aid the entire Caribbean region can give to the needs of any one suffering part.

An instance is at hand in the case of Puerto Rico. The Most Rev. Aloysius J. Willinger, Bishop of Ponce, has just spoken plainly about the social, economic and educational situation in that Dependency. Commenting upon an editorial in the *New York Times* which belittled the report of Governor Rexford G. Tugwell of Puerto Rico on adverse conditions existing in the Island, Bishop Willinger issued a statement on October 25, declaring that, contrary to the attitude of the *Times*, Governor Tugwell might have gone even farther than he did when he reported to a Senatorial Committee: "It is a bitter reality that Puerto Rico today is in no better condition than it was in 1898." The Bishop follows his statement up with facts, laying some of the educational abuses at the door of certain anti-Catholic elements in this country. His position is similar to that taken by this Review in

its editorials of January 23, 1943, on this topic, and brings into sharper relief the need for constitutional reforms discussed by Father McGowan.

Abuses created by governmental action can be remedied by governmental reform. But the gravity of the Puerto Rican situation should shake us out of the notion that we can afford to leave any stone unturned, if turning it may lighten the load upon an individual island. No one single method can cure the troubles of Puerto Rico or any other part of the West Indian region. As was noted in the recent report of Sir Frank Stockdale, British Government Comptroller for Development Welfare in the West Indies, a whole series of inter-acting forces contributes to the social depression of those countries.

Since its creation on March 2, 1942, the Anglo-Caribbean Commission has already embarked upon a series of short-range projects in the field of economics, transportation, health and communications. These go far beyond the frontiers of any particular unit and can only be worked out by common effort.

In October, 1942, Sir George Gater, British Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, discussed with President Roosevelt in Washington matters of mutual interest "concerning the Caribbean area." After their meeting the President was reported as saying: "The many Caribbean Islands could be brought together as a team to improve their lot and to obtain more local self-government."

The "regional grouping" of the British colonies was advocated by South Africa's Field Marshal Smuts, writing in *Life* for December 28, 1942. While Smuts had strictly colonial ends in mind, his plan testified to the community of Caribbean interests.

Such beginnings, however, point to the development of long-range research institutions which will endeavor to get to the root of the evils affecting family life and the growth and very existence of the islands' population. The Stockdale Report has already declared that the most effective work in this line can be done by the religious bodies. Since ninety per cent of the Caribbean population is estimated to be Catholic, it would seem only logical that some stable plan for continued social research, aided by student scholarships, should be worked out by the interested countries in connection with our Catholic universities and colleges in the United States.

Through her missionary work, the Catholic Church knows *all* the Caribbean: vertically, through all its groups and classes; horizontally, through all its countries. Catholic institutions of learning ought now to be in a position to take a decided lead, especially since some of the governments which administer this area seem inclined to recognize that lead. The Stockdale report is emphatic in its insistence that the "Churches" alone possess "that 'spiritual dynamic' without which progress is impossible." The time would seem to be definitely ripe for Catholic scholars to project some type of an international Caribbean institute for social and educational research.

J. L. F.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD'S BOOKS

SIGRID UNDSET

AMONG the things I shall miss, when I am back again in Norway, will be a small pile of books—the first I ever owned. It is by no merit of mine they have survived for half a century. Our mother was very critical of children's books, the "sweet," the "goody-goody," the "glamorous" and unreal adventure stories were sure to provoke her scathing comments. So the few she approved of she treasured; she kept them locked up in her own bookcase, and on Sunday afternoon they were handed out to us, to enjoy for a couple of hours.

In this way she had saved two volumes of Norwegian Nursery Rhymes. They were illustrated by a painter who had won fame for his realistic pictures of the working classes. So with the lullabies he had drawn peasants' and fishermen's wives who rocked the cradle while they spun or knit, but with the racy or droll verses about the bear or the fox and the hunter, or the old woman and her cow and hens, peasants from the East country. (The lean, pokerfaced New England farmers, who talked in the village store with a smile lurking in their serious faces, looked very often very like the fathers telling tall tales to their small children in my old Norwegian Nursery book.) With the songs of the seaside went pictures of boys in oilskins, helping in their fathers' fishing boats or pilots' cruisers, or listening reverently to the old salts on the pier. Thus I learned, without knowing it, before I was five years old, that the old rhymes are the poetry of the common people.

When I came to know the Mother Goose nursery rhymes I always missed this air of intimate realism: the English as well as the American editions usually are illustrated with drawings of the characters in a kind of pseudo-medieval carnival setting.

The volumes of fairy tales Mother used to read to us from, before we could read them ourselves—the Norwegian Folk tales and the tales by Hans Andersen—my sisters have. So maybe I shall see them again some day. The much more expensive editions I bought for my own children may be replaced some day, perhaps. Anyhow, they did not belong to my treasury of childhood's books. But the tales of Perrault did; Mother gave them to me in a Danish translation on my tenth birthday. From them I acquired my first impressions of *l'Ancien Régime*—the princes and the princesses had such

lovely manners and expressed themselves with exquisite politeness, even when they talked with an ogre. Only the ogres were rude—I learned that from Perrault.

The tales of "Inger Johanne, thirteen years old," that kept all Norway guessing for years whether they were really written by a schoolgirl (the grown-ups' point of view was entirely absent), and the tales of Per Sivle from his home valley, belong to a somewhat later age. Some of the tales are uproariously funny, about queer people and the everyday happenings in a small town or a rural area, that may seem glorious adventures to children.

Yet I think the tales that etched themselves into my memory were above all the stories about sin and sorrow and repentance: the trespasses against the rules of home or school, that cause much uneasiness and apprehension as long as they are undiscovered, and when they are discovered such unpleasant embarrassment and painful moments, but are easily and happily forgiven by understanding parents and sensible teachers. But some stories are about the gravest sin of childhood, the wanton cruelty towards those who are different or tempt the bullying instinct in children by being easily vulnerable or timid, the cruelty of snobbishness and the desire to show off. Then, when to the child comes the sudden vision, the gift to imagine itself inside the other's mind and feel the hurt another suffered, this understanding will strike a sane, normal child with terrible remorse. It may be forgiven, but never forgotten; the memory remains and will hurt forever.

Yet this is the way we grow up. A psychiatrist the other day defined to me paranoiac insanity as a kind of infantilism: traits that are normal in children born with the taint of Original Sin and which very often return when the hardening of the arteries leads into a second childhood, become the worst and most dangerous of mental diseases when they are permitted to develop in grown-ups.

Officers of the Gestapo are living in my house now with their families. And we know the Germans have promised to burn every house occupied by them when they will have to clear out. Well, I believe I remember every word and every picture in my old childhood books. And yet, I shall be sorry to have lost them.

ON THE CHILDREN'S SHELVES

NO one seems ever to have met the people who are polled in the Gallup polls—at least I never have met one of them. But many children around New York have met the people who were polled to give you the list of the best and most popular ten books all spotted for you on the opposite page. For, yes, we did choose them that way. A group of children's librarians in the metropolitan area were asked to send in their votes, and to them I owe my thanks for making this year's Children's Survey more varied and representative than ever. It will be good to add, I think, that they were all Catholic librarians in public libraries.

Their first choice was *Man of Molokai*. Here a sensitive, imaginative writer writes a biography of holy and famous Father Damien and his struggles, the successes and glorious end of his work for the lepers. It is every bit historically true, and as gripping as the best in fiction.

Enemy Brothers is a story full of breath-taking adventures and of fine sympathy. An English boy, stolen from home when a baby, and brought up on Nazi training, is strangely sent back home. The story deals with his struggles to shake off the false theories and ideals and recapture his English heritage.

The concluding work in a series which librarians think will be a classic, *These Happy Golden Years*, represents Americana at its finest. It rounds off a series on pioneer life, and depicts the heroine, Laura, teaching school, working as a seamstress and finding the man she is to go through life with.

With humor and romance, and the qualities and patterns of the fairy tale, *Five Golden Wrens* will delight the younger ones. The King was not happy, for whenever he tuned on his radio-crown, he got nothing but disaster, until one day the most delightful music came pouring out. Then all went well till the visit of a wicked Queen. How all this happened, and then what, makes delicious nonsense.

A splendid picture of real family life is the attractive quality so well done in *Up the Hill*. The illustrations, and the quaint and lovely Polish traditions kept up by the family, living in a Pennsylvania mining town, all make it a very attractive story.

War, as we might expect, finds its place in the ten special books. When their home town is bombed, Chinese Li and his grandfather begin a long and exciting journey to the west to find safety. There is adventure a-plenty, and withal a fine delineation of the sturdiness of the Chinese character in *When the Typhoon Blows*.

Much quieter, but by no

means dull is *A Year to Grow*, which tells engagingly of Anne's experiences in the convent school which her mother used to attend. This is a favorite among the older girls.

Remembering last year's masterly *Happy Times in Norway*, we are ready for another splendid juvenile in *Sigurd and His Brave Companions*. How the boys run away from home, after an accident in their games, for which they are afraid to face the music; how they spend the night in the spooky *saeter* and encounter the mortally wounded knight; how they help to right a great wrong, and the honors that come to them—all this is told by a master craftsman in a story that is simply saturated with the spirit of the Faith. It is fascinating reading for adults, too.

Much as with Madam Undset, when Alfred Noyes turns to a children's book, we expect something good, and he does not fail us in *The Secret of Pooduck Island*. Up in Maine there is a remarkable family of squirrels; Solo, whom the village thought a half-wit, is almost a member. But Father Francis discovers that Solo is an artist of high merit. Charming nature flashes, and a penetrating satire make this good reading for grown-ups. The children will enjoy its drollery. The secret? That would be telling.

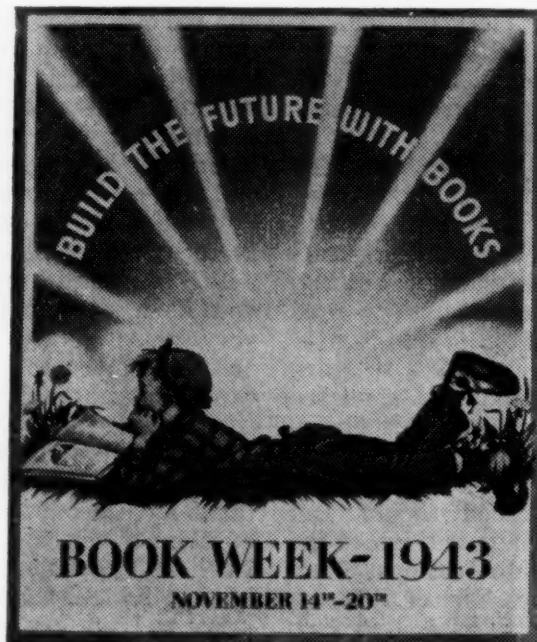
In *Silver Saddles* we have again the same high level that was reached in last year's *Vagabond in Velvet*. Flint, the hero, wins the test to bring home, over three hundred miles of mountain and desert, the race-horse with whom he competes in a rodeo, and wins the Silver Saddles.

I hope some or all of these ten books will make the Christmas shopping easier.

It is remarkable and consoling to notice how certainly four of these books and to an extent two others, are really redolent of the Faith. Authors of juveniles are setting a high ideal here, which might well give pause for thought to those who wield their pens for the mothers and fathers. There is often a body and substance to these children's books that novels and tales for adults fail to attain.

There is only one remark that will be a complaint, and that is: it is a shame that these books, which ought to be owned by every child in the land, are so expensive. The gorgeous illustrations account for a great deal of that but publishers should do something about it.

One step that would help here would be the development, among Catholic art students, of interest in illustrating juvenile books. It is largely the high-priced commercial artist who adds to the cost of the book. Young, gifted artists could do much to put these books within the reach of all.



In addition to those books in the special ten that treat of these themes, there have been quite a number of spiritual books for the children. This trend parallels the adult field, where not a few of the popular books for the past year have been religious in theme or treatment. Unfortunately, some of these juvenile books fall a little short of full Catholic treatment of their matter, but most of them can be used by a judicious parent who will take the time to explain some of the hesitations that creep into non-Catholic treatment of such truths as the Divinity of Christ.

Such a book, for example, is *Tell Me About God*, by Mary Alice Jones (Rand, McNally. \$2). It is superbly illustrated by Pelagie Doane, and shows us Bobby asking his mother questions about God and His goodness and power. It is a beautiful book and sound as far as it goes. Only it is a little too silent in the chapter on Our Lord—surely a Catholic mother would do more than insist merely on the kindness of Our Lord; she would tell Bobby that He is God. But it is a good book for any mother to read to her little son, with the additions that her Catholic Faith will suggest.

Much the same may be said of *Rarely Told Bible Stories for Bigger Children*, by Bessie Edmond Andruss (Coward, McCann. \$2.50). It will familiarize children with some of the literary wonders of the Bible, and introduce them to a knowledge of the Person of Our Lord. The Divinity of Christ is not, of course, denied in either of these two beautiful books, but we sometimes wish the authors would be more forthright in their approach.

The same difficulty does not meet us in a similar book from a Catholic publisher. Blanche Jennings Thompson has condensed the Bible for young children in *The Oldest Story* (Bruce. \$2.50).

A Child's Story of the Nativity, by Louise Raymond (Random. \$1.50), with Masha illustrations that are good, if a little too pastel-ish, is for younger children. The story is made up mainly of the Gospel text. It is published in a Catholic edition with the *imprimatur*.

Sara Maynard has attempted a stiff task in writing a life of Saint Rose of Lima, called *Rose of America*. (Sheed and Ward. \$2). But the job comes off well, if a little on the sweet side. It was a difficult task, because the Saint was noted for her mortifications and love of suffering, and to make these rational and even attractive for young readers was not easy. The author manages it fairly well by showing that Rose's sufferings were inspired by her great zeal for the welfare of the depressed Indians.

The story of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the man, as contrasted with the theologian, is given lively portrayal in *The Man from Rocca Sicca*, (Bruce.) by the Rev. Reginald M. Coffey, O.P. The Saint lived in a time full of adventure and color, and the story is well told for older boys and girls.

Though not strictly about Saints, two books are filled with the spirit of the Ages of Faith. They are *Marching to Jerusalem*, by Ruth Langland Holberg, (Crowell. \$2) and *Told on the King's Highway*, by Eleanor Myers Jewett (Viking. \$2.50). The first deals with the Children's Crusade, though fully the first half of the book deals mainly with details of medieval family life. The second is a collection of tales of the supernatural. Saints, fairies and demons are all taken as naturally as the neighbor next door. The illustrations by Marie Lawson admirably catch the flavor of the text.

Louis J. A. Mercier's *Our Lady of the Bible* (St. Anthony's Guild. \$1.50) recounts the spiritual adventures of a kindly Benedictine monk. It is delightfully spiritual and human.

Finally, a fine little story about something that God must love very much—not a person, but a song. It is the story of the composition and world-wide spread of *Silent Night*. (Knopf. \$2) Written by Hertha Pauli and illustrated by Fritz Kredel, it follows this immortally simple melody from the little Tyrolean village of its birth to the Christmas altars of all lands.

Finally, let us say something about something that

POLL WINNERS

MAN OF MOLOKAI By Ann Roos. (Lippincott. \$2). *Older boys and girls*.
 ENEMY BROTHERS. By Constance Savery. (Longmans, Green. \$2.50). *Older boys and girls*.
 THESE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS. By Laura Ingalls Wilder. (Harper. \$2). *Older girls*.
 FIVE GOLDEN WRENS. By Hugh Troy. (Oxford. \$1). *Younger children*.
 UP THE HILL. By Marguerite de Angell. (Doubleday. \$2). *Middle-age boys and girls*.
 WHEN THE TYPHOON BLOWS. By Elizabeth Lewis. (Winston. \$2). *Older boys*.
 A YEAR TO GROW. By Helen Conway. (Longmans, Green. \$2). *Older girls*.
 SIGURD AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS. By Sigrid Undset. (Knopf. \$2). *Middle-age boys and girls*.
 THE MYSTERY OF POODUCK ISLAND. By Alfred Noyes. (Stokes. \$2). *Middle-age children*.
 SILVER SADDLES. By Covelle Newcomb. (Longmans, Green. \$2.25). *Older boys*.

These are all reviewed on the preceding page.

is not a book at all. But it is a thing the children will like and which will be most helpful to them to learn the Mass. It is a jig-saw puzzle of the Mass, with a booklet and a quiz game. It is published by the Catholic Guild for the Blind, 49 Franklin St., Boston, and is called *Arches to Heaven*.

BOOKS ABOUT FAR AND NEAR NEIGHBORS

Global war and internationalism are reflected strongly in this year's output of juveniles. My impression is that there are many more books than usual on life in other lands, and most of them, thank God, manage to avoid the war theme, and still turn out to be thrilling tales for the youngsters.

Here are some guaranteed to hold their interest. In *The Pledge of Piang* (Appleton. \$2.25) F. P. Stuart tells of two American boys and a Moro Chieftain in the Philippines. Jungles, the United States Army, natives going *juramentado*, water buffaloes running wild are all in the story of how the lads manage to cement Moro-American friendship.

For history that reads as fascinatingly as fiction, try your young friends on *Vast Horizons*, by Mary Seymour Lucas (Viking. \$3). It is a collection of narratives about voyages of discovery. The fabled Trade Routes to the east is the unifying thread that runs through the voyages of the Crusaders, Marco Polo and the other intrepid horizon-breachers.

Not so historical, but equally a book for the adventure-minded is *Dark Treasure*, by William MacMillan (Mill. \$2), wherein Mark Abbott goes from his father's blacksmith shop in Boston to join a dangerous expedition to the Far North. His combats with beasts and treacherous companions will hold any youngster on the edge of the chair. In much the same vein, though it deals with the growth and development of a bear, is Harold McCracken's *The Biggest Bear on Earth* (Lippincott. \$2). This is the Kodiak Grizzly, and the author spent many months studying it in its native surroundings. This is authentic material for nature lovers.

Girls will get glimpses of their foreign sisters in *Teresita of the Valley*, by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2), though the story is about how difficult the Mexican girl finds it to adapt herself to American ways when she moves to Colorado. The specially worthwhile note about the book is that Teresita comes to realize that she need not give up all the warmth and beauty of her native culture to become a good American. In *Jenny's Secret Island*, by Phyllis Gerrard (Winston. \$2), there is shipwreck and mystery, and a good tale about Bermuda for older girls.

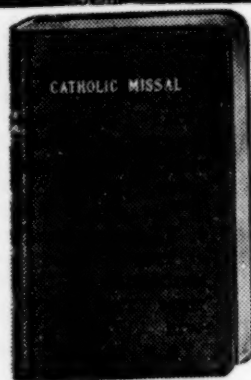
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Other lands find their spokesmen, too. *Gerrit and the Organ*, by Hilda Van Stockum (Viking. \$2) tells of Holland and of how, when the street-organ man falls sick, a group of boys carry on for him. And Raffaello Busoni, in *Soni Builds a Church* (Viking. \$2) tells a little epic of faith and grit about the Lapps. Finally, China finds its place in the line-up in *The Good-Luck Horse*, by Chih-Yi and Plato Chan (McGraw-Hill. \$1.50). This is a picture-story for the younger ones, and retells an old Chinese folk tale, in which the little boy's paper horse turns into a real one.

England is represented by a charming retelling of the Dick Whittington story by Katharine Gibson in *Bow Bells* (Longmans, Green. \$2) with striking illustrations by Vera Bock, and the Netherlands find another place in *The Beggars' Penny*, by Catherine Cate Coblentz (Longmans, Green. \$2.50), a story of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards. Penny is one of the carrier pigeons which played a great part in keeping up the spirits of the besieged city. The story is a fast-moving one, but is a little marred by the old canard of Spanish sneakiness as contrasted with the Nordic uprightness.

Pito's House, by Catherine Bryan (Macmillan. \$1.50) is a picture version of the Mexican folk-tale, in which an understanding priest teaches a family how to appreciate what they have.

Ireland, Russia, Alaska and Morocco are well represented in *The Frenzied Prince*, retellings of the ancient Irish sagas by Padraic Colum (McKay. \$3.50), with lovely illustrations by Willy Pogany; in *Struggle Is Our Brother*, by Gregor Felsen (Dutton. \$2), a story of young Russians in guerilla fighting against the Nazis; in *Here Is Alaska*, by Evelyn Stefansson (Scribner's. \$2.50), a grand book of factual material with superb illustrations; in *Mischief in Fes*, by Eleanor Hoffman (Holiday. \$1.28), partly a fairy tale and partly a realistic picture of life and customs in Morocco.

In *Young Canada* (McBride. \$2), Anne Merriman Peck takes the young readers on a tour of our northern neighbor. Characters, customs, traditions and a deeply true understanding of all make the book an unusually competent guide.

Three books that offer a wide background for further reading deserve praise. They are: *The Story of England*, by Beatrice Curtis Brown and Helen Arbutnot (Random. \$1). Fifty-two pages of text with illustrations more memorable than the text, give an amazingly clear picture of England from the Roman conquest to the hopes of a new England in a world at peace. *Pegs of History*, by Raffaello Busoni and Helen Dean Fish (Stokes. \$2) consists of twenty powerfully executed drawings from the beginnings of the Christian era to the Atlantic Charter. Finally, in *Legends of the United Nations*, (McGraw-Hill. \$2.50) the poet, Frances Frost, has collected little-known and fascinating folk-tales from the literature of seventeen countries. This is a fine anthology.

BOOKS TO HELP KNOW OUR OWN LAND

Biography, of course, even for the youngsters, is among the best kind of reading. There have been a number of fine ones this past year in the adult field, which the older boys and girls can read with deep interest. Such, for example, is the superb story of George Washington Carver, the famous Negro scientist. Even the heavy tome on Chesterton will captivate the more thoughtful youngster. But in the specifically juvenile field, there are some that make fine reading.

Boys will be especially interested in *Walter Reed; Doctor in Uniform*, by L. N. Wood (Messner. \$2.50), which recounts vividly the struggles and successes of this great healer. *Donald McKay*, by Clara Ingram Judson (Scribner's. \$1.75) tells of the life of the famous designer of America's still more famous clipper ships,



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and *Matthew Fontaine Maury*, by Hildegard Hawthorne (Longmans, Green. \$2.25) recounts the little-known tale of the "trail maker of the seas," who charted the currents, and helped make navigation a real science.

Of particular interest to girls is Alice Howard's *Mary Mapes Dodge of St. Nicholas* (Messner. \$2.50). Girls may not know that grand old magazine, but the story of this pioneer in excellent juvenile literature is worth knowing.

Leaving the field of fact and wandering into imagination, here is a list of good tales for boys, girls and both, from the younger years up to adolescence.

Younger boys will like *The Mighty Hunter*, by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan. \$2). It is a delightful picture story of a little Indian boy who played hockey to go hunting, but soon found that the hunt for knowledge was not half so dangerous.

A problem-story that boys will like is *Pattern for Tomorrow*, by Sister M. Juliana (Bruce. \$2). The problem is whether Joe Conway should choose farm life or city life. In a tour of the Midwest, Joe has a chance to study farm life, and to learn of the principles of the Catholic Rural Life movement. It is a thoughtful book.

Those slightly older may be tried out on *Peter Snow, Surgeon*, by Gertrude Robinson (Dutton. \$2). Danger in the wilderness, and hard work and good companionship all collaborate to prepare the boy from England for a surgeon's life in seventeenth-century America. In *The Model Airplane Mystery*, by Adrien Soutenburg (Doubleday, Doran. \$2), Tim and Curly get all mixed up with Nazi spies, secret plans, etc. There is plenty to interest any youngster interested in model planes and a good story. *Starbuck Winter Valley*, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown (Morrow. \$2) is a fine outdoor story of trapping in the Canadian woods.

Very young girls have a treat in store in *Dulcie, or a Half-a-Yard of Linsey-Woolsey*, by Jack Bechdlit and Decie Merwin (Dutton. \$1.50). It is a gay and jingly picture book. *Patchwork Quilt*, by Adele DeLeeu (Little, Brown. \$2), for the same age, is a pleasing little story about the history of all the patches that went into the quilt that covered up Nancy Jo when she had the measles.

In *The Little Angel* (Scribner's. \$2) Alice Dalgliesh has written an irresistibly captivating book. It is a story laid in old Rio. Importuned by Maria Luiza, Santo Antonio sends her a baby sister, the little angel, and later on a real prince charming, in a story that is itself completely charming, for slightly older girls.

In the same age-group, other good stories are: *Song of Tomorrow*, by Charlie May Simon (Dutton. \$2), an unusual story of a girl's love for her violin and the rich experiences it brought her; *Bayou Susette*, by Lois Lenski (Lippincott. \$2), a tale of the adventures of Susette and her Indian girl-friend that is replete with delightful descriptions of nature-life; *Sensible Kate*, by Doris Gates (Viking. \$2), a charming and homey little Cinderella story, *Lone Boy*, by Margaret Ann Hubbard (Macmillan. \$2) wherein the heroine, in the days of the opening of the west, befriends a Chinese suspected of robbery. Fun and action have their place in the tale.

Girls around fourteen may like *Hurricane Mystery*, by Sarah Lindsay Schmidt (Random. \$2.) Mystery and adventure make this a live story about a young woman mining engineer. *Barrie and Daughter*, by Rebecca Claudill (Viking. \$2), a tale of Kentucky fifty years ago, tells how the daughter gets permission to work in her father's store, much against the customs of the times, and how she succeeds.

Finally, for the older girls, a splendid character-study is served up in *A Window for Julie*, by Phyllis A. Whitney (Houghton. \$2). Two girls compete for a job as window decorator in a big department store. When the success of one raises some suspicions of guilt, there is a situation that is cleared up with real suspense and interest. And Caroline A. Chandler, herself a doctor, tells a very modern, lively and solid story of a young woman M.D. in *Susan Stuart, Home Front Doctor* (Dodd, Mead. \$2).

Boys and girls alike will find a mixed fare in the fol-

lowing books. In two books with identical titles, *The Unlike Twins and the Animals* (Scribner's. 75 cents each) Charlotte Becker tells, in story and picture for the very young, two adventures of Tony and Timmy, and how they got to know their animal friends. Real Christmas spirit breathes in *Christmas House*, by Thyra Turner (Scribner's. \$1) wherein we visit the house of Doctor Moore and hear him read his famous poem, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas."

Three animal stories for the quite young are: *Don't Count Your Chickens*, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50); *Puppies for Keeps*, by Dorothy P. Lathrop (Macmillan. \$2), a story of four Pekinese and how they find a home; and *The Happy Hippopotamus*, by Anne Heyneman and Hugh Kappel (Scribner's. \$1.75), the story of a hippopotamus too young to know that hip-popotami ought to be too dignified to push, and so foiled the hunters.

For those a bit older, Holling Clancy Holling has produced a distinguished work in *Tree in the Trail* (Houghton. \$2.50). It is the story of a cottonwood tree planted by a young Indian, and tells much of the development of the Southwest, the Santa Fé trail, and Indian customs in the seventeenth century. *The House Between*, by Ethel Parton (Viking. \$2) lavishes care on historical detail, and still tells a lively story of Newburyport in the great days of the sailing vessels.

Advancing to the ten-to-twelve year group, we find good books in *Look Out Yonder*, by Valenti Angelo (Viking. \$2), which wraps up a story of courage and family devotion in a flood that swept the Nortons from levee shacks to farm ownership. *Yanko in America*, by Charlotte Lederer (Crowell. \$2) tells the tale of a foreign lad who became a real American. He was a Slovakian boy, and his adventures blend the charm of the Old World with the headiness of the New. *Liberty for Johnny*, by Adelaide H. and John C. Wonsetler (Longmans, Green. \$2.50) tells of the adventures of a young Mennonite lad, against the background of Valley Forge and the Revolution. Johnny and a runaway slave are companions in adventure; they are captured by the British and turn out to be excellent undercover men.

For the still a bit older boys and girls, *Mounted Messenger*, by Cornelia Lynde Meigs (Macmillan. \$2) tells of the development of the mail service, and has for its theme the fact that girls and boys, as well as adults, did their part in welding the young American nation. Mature in plot and conception, but memorable in its picture of an artistic journeyman painter who brings color into the starved lives of the pioneer folk in New Hampshire in the nineteenth century, *Patterns on the Wall*, by Elizabeth Yates (Knopf. \$2) is a very distinguished work for older boys and girls.

There is delightful atmosphere in the story of Old New Orleans in *They Came from France*, by Clara Ingram Judson (Houghton. \$2), the story of the French Remy family and how they migrated to the New World, and how young Pierre supports the family while his father goes west in search of the mines that he never found. It is a fresh and lively story.

Kate Seredy, whose works like *The Singing Tree* make us partial to all her books, has turned out another fine one in *The Open Gate* (Viking. \$2.50). It is the story of how Grandma inveigles the family to settle down on a farm. She is quite a character, and all her machinations aim to show the family that there is more to life than indirect lighting and air-conditioning. It is a sound and humorous book. Have you noticed that not a few of the juveniles this year deal with a back-to-the-farm theme? It is a good sign.

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\$2). It concerns a boy by that name and his fairy godfather, Mr. O'Malley. It really is a funny book, devastating in its humor, and it has been compared with *Huckleberry Finn*, and to the work of Lewis Carroll and James Stephens.

A splendid biography of the famous naturalist, Henri Fabre, has been written by Irmengarde Eberle, in *Wide Fields* (Crowell. \$2.50). He emerges not only as the scientist, but as a kindly family man. Any child who has read his marvelously enthralling studies on the social lives of the ants and wasps will want this story of his life.

For older youngsters and younger oldsters, Mary O'Hara has rung the bell again with a sequel to her excellent (in print and on the screen) *My Friend Flicka*. The present book is a sequel, and even better than the first. It is *Thunderhead* (Lippincott. \$2.75), the story of Flicka's colt—or is it the story of Ken, the boy? Mrs. O'Hara has so strikingly the gift of getting inside the animal that it seems as real a character as the humans. This is definitely a children's classic, and should be considered for all lists.

Finally, there is a very interesting book, mainly for the superb illustrations by the author, Robert Lawson. It is *Watchwords of Liberty* (Little, Brown. \$2) and consists of famous American phrases, such as "Don't give up the ship," with explanatory text. It is worthy of note that the author notes the questionable morality underlying the apparent patriotism of Stephen Decatur's famous and often-quoted phrase, "My country, right or wrong."

BOOKS ABOUT PLANES AND GUNS AND THEIR USERS

It really is too bad to have to spoil the fun, and talk about books that deal with the grim business of war. But they are on the market, and young son or daughter will want to read them, so what to say? Well, some of them are thrilling factual tales, as were last year's *The Raft and Seven Came Through*. This year has not seen so many of that type, though there is *God Is My Co-Pilot*. But even here, as the reviewer in *AMERICA* pointed

out lately, there is always the danger, and the actuality, that the doctrine of hate will be subtly insinuated. Besides, for the sake of realism, the authors not infrequently introduce much more swearing and careless use of the Holy Name than you would wish your children to encounter.

So it seems best, in this list of books that we commend, to stick rather to the technical side of the war.



From *Sigurd and His Brave Companions*

There is plenty of interest there, in faith, to keep any youngster occupied and enthralled on a rainy day. Planes, for example—who can resist their fascination? And there are two fine books about them: Elizabeth Mallett Conger's *American Warplanes* (Holt. \$2) and Reed Kintert's *America's Fighting Planes in Action* (Macmillan. \$2). Both are replete with pictures and thrilling side-lights of this most chivalrous arm of modern warfare.

Man in the Air, by Herbert S. Zim (Harcourt, Brace. \$3), tells all about the effect of flight on the pilots—power dives, parachute jumps and all the rest that will keep a boy goggle-eyed. In the *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, edited by Franklin K. Mathlews (Appleton. \$2.50) this year's series is devoted to "Stories of Adventurous Fliers."

The history of the Marines from John Paul Jones to Guadalcanal is given in *Leathernecks, Our Marines in Fact and Picture*, by Rolfe Boswell (Oxford. \$2.50); and *Soldiers, Sailors, Fliers and Marines*, by Mary Elting and Robert T. Weaver (Doubleday, Doran \$2) gives color illustrations for all the episodes and phases of military life that youngsters ask about.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THEATRE

MANHATTAN NOCTURNE. Eddie Dowling has a big following in the theatrical world, and New York audiences are always especially interested in his appearance in a new play. This autumn, the new play, *Manhattan Nocturne*, is a disappointment. Put on at the Forrest Theatre by Walter Drew and George W. Brandt, with Stella Adler to direct it and fine advance publicity to stimulate interest in it, the production had everything in its favor except the play itself.

The greatest surprise of the affair is that Mr. Dowling, a frequent producer of plays and ordinarily a good judge of them, did not recognize the weakness of the effort to which he gave his support. However, the public is a pretty good judge of plays. It has turned thumbs down on *Manhattan Nocturne* with vigor.

No actor, however gifted, can carry the full burden of a hopelessly weak play. Eddie Dowling does his best. He gives the production moments of life, but it defies even his skill and occasional magic. For *Manhattan Nocturne* is false from start to finish. There is no reality in its characters, no conviction in what they do. They talk endlessly, but there is neither interest nor truth in what they say.

What Roy Walling, the author, tries to show us is two frustrated human beings, a novelist who can no longer write, and a young prostitute he meets in a hotel for the purpose of giving his wife ground for a divorce. The prostitute has lost her memory, which would seem to be a good thing in her case. The two talk endlessly. Then it occurs to the author that he needs a plot. He has the prostitute arrested, but saved from sentence by the novelist. In the end, through some vague influence, the novelist can write again, the girl recovers memory, and he and she are ready to start a new life. Few of us waited long enough to see them do it.

Throughout the play Mr. Dowling gives us much more than is in his role, and Miss Terry Holmes does the best she can with the role of the heroine. Some of the best acting is done by Howard Smith as a magistrate.

THE NAKED GENIUS. Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, author of the new comedy at the Plymouth Theatre, is said to have been anxious to withdraw her play before it opened in New York. Her director, George Kaufman, is reported to have warmly shared this impulse. They should have been listened to. *The Naked Genius* is one of the worst of the many bad plays offered to us this season.

Though it was staged by Kaufman, who must have been very sick of it before it opened, and though a conscientious group of more than thirty players tried hard to put the comedy over, the thing simply could not be done. Probably the only person who believed in it was its producer, Michael Todd. It is still on the stage as I write.

There is no nudity in it, which is its redeeming feature, and certainly there is no genius. Probably some of the play's obvious difficulties rise from the fact that Miss Joan Blondell is not the type for the leading role. But no star, nor band of stars, could have saved *The Naked Genius*. It is dull, dirty and deadly uninteresting from start to finish. The animals pulled across the stage from time to time—a monkey and various dogs—add confusion but no life to the performance.

The gossip of the town is that Mr. Todd is making a fight for his production. He ought to be bending all his energies now to find something that will make his public forget *The Naked Genius*.

SLIGHTLY MARRIED. This play was taken off the stage of the Cort Theatre after eight performances. It should have been taken off after the first performance.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE IRON MAJOR. This is one of the few current releases that has all-out family appeal. Both men and youngsters will thrill to exciting gridiron sequences, women will appreciate its human angles, everybody will give way to some hero-worshipping and thoroughly enjoy the experience. All in all, moviegoers will cheer this celluloid biography of the late Major Frank Cavanaugh, famed football coach who guided the destinies of teams at Dartmouth, Boston College and Fordham at various times. Based on an original story by Florence Cavanaugh, the hero's wife, there is authenticity in this record of an outstanding American's career. Starting with Cavanaugh's boyhood days, the chronicle traces the vicissitudes that marked about forty years of his life. Episodes reveal his earliest struggles to aid his father, his high-school interest in football which started him toward fame, his interrupted college course and legal endeavors, his entrance into World War I and his final days as an important gridiron coach. There are tender, romantic and soul-stirring highlights cleverly injected into the story frame. Pat O'Brien does a noteworthy job in bringing the Iron Major to life and convinces as the man who made love of God, country and family his life's rule. Ruth Warrick ably supports as Cavanaugh's wife. Nostalgia may attack some older members of the audience, for much of the footage recalls incidents of the not-too-distant past. The gridiron episodes are sometimes built up to a breathless intensity and newsreel shots of famous clashes are introduced. Put this tribute to a brave and beloved American high on the list of pictures for the whole family. (RKO)

FLESH AND FANTASY. Novelty and artiness are the outstanding characteristics of this feature, though they detract in no way from its remarkable dramatic and artistic qualities. Three separate stories have been executed and tied together by a string hung with superstition and its reaction on men's minds. Robert Benchley, in one of his familiar poses, plays the part of a superstitious banker torn between belief in dreams or fortune-tellers. A friend reads him three stories that leave him feeling man can retain the mastery of his destiny despite these supposed warnings of fate. In the first act Betty Field and Robert Cummings bring a tender, fairy-talish sequence to a happy ending when the girl learns that beauty comes from within and that faith in one's self is most important. The second act deals with a man who permits a fortune-teller's prophecy to drive him to murder. Edward G. Robinson and Thomas Mitchell score in this one. Finally Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck appear in the dream sequence where he is a tight-rope walker who finds his nerve shaking because of a vision. Julian Duvivier has directed the picture with the skill that has previously marked his work. This is an unusual picture where reality and fantasy blend to suit your own interpretation. It is decidedly superior as an artistic achievement and adults will appreciate its value. (Universal)

GUADALCANAL DIARY. Richard Tregaskis' best-seller has been translated to celluloid with amazing skill and satisfaction. Using the diary form of the book, the offering tells how the United States Marine Corps made the earliest landing on Japanese-held territory and held it through fiercest land and sea attacks. In the stories of individuals, patriotism and daring are painted at their best. There is nothing obvious about any of this, for the persons involved are a cross-section of American men. Preston Foster, Lloyd Nolan and William Bendix give remarkable performances. The whole family should see this superior dramatization of our fighting men. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

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PARADE

STIMULATED by wartime conditions, the trend toward new and strange social-behavior patterns achieved substantial gains. . . . Imprinted on the window of a California restaurant were the words: "Waitress wanted"—in permanent gold lettering. . . . In another restaurant appeared a sign composed of large and small type. The large type said: "Wanted—boy to sample our pies on Saturdays and Sundays." The small type read: "And to carry a few dishes." . . . Experiments aimed at ascertaining how small apartments can become, continued. In San Diego, a residence with two bedrooms and a rear porch was converted into several rental units at \$6.50 a week and this notation was tacked on the corridor wall: "Use of front door, \$2.50 extra." . . . Auctions sought higher levels. In a sale staged by an Ohio farmer an old electric iron brought \$22.50; a washing-machine purchased second-hand years ago for \$12 sold for \$82; an aged electric sweeper purchased for \$3 brought \$35; and a five-year-old Jersey cow, priced not long ago at \$60, sold for \$240. . . . Sectional attitudes toward the Ten Commandments developed. A Naval officer from Chicago, now stationed at a base in a Southern state, sent his little son to a Sunday School located near the base. Learning the Ten Commandments was the first task assigned to the boy for homework. The father, noticing that the lad was not laboring very hard on his homework, asked him why he did not complete his task. The boy replied: "Why should I? We're only here for the duration, and I won't need these Ten Commandments back in Chicago."

The inclination to take care of other people's children and hire strangers to take care of one's own appeared. In Connecticut, a mother employed a maid to look after her small boy while she worked in a children's center. At the center, the mother was given the job of taking care of a problem child, who turned out to be her maid's son. . . . Not only housewives—animals also sought to get away from old routines by developing forms of escapism. . . . In Atlanta, a three-ton elephant broke loose from a circus, led officers and trainers a fifty-mile chase through a residential section before being cornered in a blind alley. Garages, fences, shrubbery were blitzed by the elephant's escapist technique. . . . In Burlington, Ia., police chased a deer through the crowded business district. Throngs ducked into the nearest buildings as the flying deer tore through the busy streets. It eluded police, vanished into the countryside. . . . In a New Jersey city, eight lions burst out of a training ring and strolled through the shopping district for more than an hour. One of the lions crawled under a porch. When a policeman bent down and looked under the porch, the lion leaped over the patrolman's back.

In three American cities, a deer, an elephant, eight lions terrorized the inhabitants and dislocated human life. . . . These events aid one to envisage how profound the terror would be, how widespread the dislocation of life if great armies of elephants and lions roamed through all the villages, towns and cities of the nation. . . . Such a visitation would constitute a major catastrophe, but it would not wreck human society because men would clearly understand the peril and eliminate the wild beasts. . . . Strangely enough, things much more perilous than wild beasts—wild ideas—are roaming through the cities and the countryside of the nation. . . . They spring from an attitude of mind. It was expressed by the little boy from Chicago. Masses of men no longer feel the need of the Ten Commandments. . . . These wild ideas are now actually threatening the very existence of human society, but they spread little terror.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

CLEAN SWEEP FOR CLEAN SPORT

EDITOR: If you are seeking further backing for Mr. Menjou's statement, quoted under Comments (AMERICA, Nov. 6), that our soldiers want clean shows, turn your attention to Arthur Daley's sports column in the New York Times for November 2. He quotes Pat O'Brien to the effect that the soldiers "could never get enough sports stories and they absolutely demanded that they be clean. . . . I've been told that they just freeze up on off-color stuff." And Quentin Reynolds, who should know, added "That's right."

New York, N. Y.

JOHN REILLY

CO-OPS AND COURTSHIP

EDITOR: Mr. Lawrence Bell, in his article, "Economics For The Unmarried" (AMERICA, Oct. 23) sagely advises systematic premarital saving toward the eventual purchase of a home. And he asks for an established custom and tradition of financial preparation for marriage. Now the parish credit union is an ideal medium to make Mr. Bell's sound principles concrete reality.

For a parish credit union is composed of people with kindred religious ideals and values. And, of its very nature, a parish credit union is an educational institution. In season and out of season, credit-union people stress the educational aspect of the movement. Furthermore, the credit union is built on the principle that savings must be regular and systematic. Not only would a parish credit union afford the young couple an opportunity to save toward a home but it would later be a help to keep that Catholic home in being.

The first step in the formation of a parish credit union is study. The *Queen's Work* supplies study-club outlines. Catholic girls could do much toward mastering the economic obstacles to marriage by forming such study clubs. And the economic and religious possibilities in the parish cooperative movement are tremendous—co-op grocery stores, co-op medicine, co-op maternity guilds, and above all a deepening Christian social consciousness.

Port Townsend, Wash.

MARTIN BORBECK, S.J.

BOYS' BOYS?

EDITOR: In his excellent article on George Ade in the October 23 issue of AMERICA, Mr. Phillips Temple makes the statement:

The *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is a boy's book in the true sense of the word: a book written about boys and primarily for boys. Its appeal to an adult reader is limited. On the other hand, *Huckleberry Finn* appeals not only to youth, but on a deeper level it appeals to maturity as well.

Now this distinction does not seem warranted by the facts. Certainly Mark Twain himself was not conscious of it in writing these two books. He did not write *Tom Sawyer* primarily for boys. He claimed that he wrote both it and *Huckleberry Finn* for the same audience and, paradoxically enough, that audience was an adult one and not the juvenile one that has found such great delight in the doings of Tom and Huck. In his autobiography (Vol. II, page 335) he writes: "I wrote *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn* for adults exclusively, and it always distresses me when I find that boys and girls have been allowed access to them." The reason for his

distress on this point was that he feared lest the irreverent spirit of the boys have a bad effect on youthful readers who are prone to admire what they like, and imitate what they admire—even if it be the pranks of Huck Finn, who "warn't no more quality than a mud cat."

It seems then that we must attribute to the Muse of Mark Twain the role of a Puck who tricked his master into literary fame as a writer of boys' stories, when Clemens himself was aiming at a more mature and discriminating audience. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* were not written primarily for boys, but boys have taken them to their hearts as their fellows in fun and frolic—another of the many anomalies of literature.

Father Gillis has said that Twain, even when he wrote stories ostensibly for children, was preoccupied with philosophy. It might prove interesting to reread *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* in the light of this statement.

Weston, Mass.

JOSEPH F. MULLIGAN, S.J.

CONFESSION BELL

EDITOR: Even for people who are not conscious of any mortal sin, frequent confession is advocated by our Holy Father in his recent Encyclical on the Mystical Body of Christ. Here is an added motive for gratitude toward those pastors who have installed in their churches a confessional bell, by which a priest may be called to give the Sacrament of Penance, when it is reasonably sought outside of the regular hours.

New York, N. Y.

GRATEFUL PENITENT

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

EDITOR: Since the outbreak of the war, we have observed, with some concern, the pleadings and prayers proposed by the Hierarchy for peace on conditions singularly indefinite and undefined. Is there not a subtle implication, misleading if not dangerous, in these urgent appeals and prayerful supplications for a premature peace in the present conflict?

Considering the downright wickedness, the potential strength and the diabolical aims of our enemies, a peace based upon terms less than unconditional surrender would be only a temporary one and would result most assuredly in another war more devastating than the present one.

Would not prayers for victory, honorable and unconditional, be more in keeping with a just and lasting peace? Would not the Prince of Peace and His Blessed Mother, were she invoked as Our Lady of Victory, be more disposed to intervene in behalf of those respecting human dignity and of those nations fighting in defense of their homelands? Peace without total victory would be more than a mockery. It is an invitation to future bloodshed.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CHARLES D. WOOD

[The Church's Prayer for Peace calls on God "from Whom are holy desires, right counsels and just works" to grant us "that peace which the world cannot give." It asks, moreover that "our hearts may be conformed to Thy Commandments" and that we may enjoy peace "under Thy protection." Surely, peace sought and obtained under these conditions and in such a frame of mind can hardly be unjust or inglorious.—Ed.]

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THE WORD

SHALL we forget Caesar for the time being and concentrate on the second part of Christ's recommendation in the Gospel of the twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's" (Matt. xxii, 15-21)?

"What shall I render to the Lord for all that He has given to me?" asks the priest immediately after consuming the Sacred Host in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And he answers: "I will take the Chalice of Salvation and I will call upon the name of the Lord." Simply, the priest's answer comes down to this: the completion of the Sacrifice of the Mass. In these words the priest is completing a circle. He began the Mass with the words: "I will go unto the altar of God"—naturally to offer sacrifice. He has offered to God the bread and the wine and himself entire. He has offered to God the bread made Christ and the wine made Christ and himself united with Christ. Now the sacrifice is complete when God in His turn offers Christ to the priest; and God and man are united in Christ and with Christ and through Christ.

Giving to God the things that are God's means a complete and constant sacrifice to God of all that we have and are. Unfortunately the word sacrifice has been spoiled. We speak of Lenten sacrifices, and we mean doing without little things. We forget that sacrifice does not mean merely doing without. Sacrifice means offering, giving. Sacrifice means consecration. It means making ourselves and every part of us, our mind, our body, our work, our talents, our whole life, sacred to God and for God. It means a complete consecration of all our living to God.

In this sense we understand easily how martyrdom is a complete sacrifice. In one moment, by one act, the martyr gives to God, consecrates to God, sacrifices to God all that is his. We understand, too, that in some ways the constant, day-by-day ideal of sacrificial living is harder than martyrdom, for we give our all to God, and God leaves it in our care to be used with the realization that it is no longer ours but God's. Unfortunately we are inclined to be Indian givers. We, with the priest, go unto the altar of God to offer sacrifice, to put ourselves on the altar with Christ to be offered to God. We say to God: Here I am; I am all yours; by this sacrifice I make myself, all of me, sacred to You.

As we make the offering we think of the words that the Liturgy applies to the bread and the wine: "this spotless Host . . . a sacrifice that is pure, a sacrifice that is holy, a sacrifice that is spotless . . . these offerings that have been washed clean." We want to make the offering of ourselves as spotless as the Host the priest holds in his hands, as spotless and unselfish and irrevocable as Christ's offering of Himself on Calvary and in the Mass.

Then what happens? Like little children, we start to take back what we have freely offered. We use it for ourselves—this gift that we have offered to God for His sole use—and we soil it in the using. We become spiritual chiselers. We chip away piece after piece of our gift. We steal from the altar. Actually, once we have offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that is what sin and selfishness amount to, stealing from the altar.

As you go today "unto the altar of God," to offer yourself to God in union with the perfect offering of Christ, say with the priest the words of the offering: "Accept, O Holy Father, this spotless host. . . . We offer Thee, O Lord, this Chalice that saves. . . . We beg Thee, O Lord, to accept also this offering of ourselves, and so let our sacrifice be made in Thy sight this day that it may be pleasing to Thee, O Lord God." J. P. D.

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THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR OCTOBER

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton—Ward

St. Teresa of Avila—Walsh

The Robe—Douglas

Tales from the Rectory—Kelley

Screwtape Letters—Lewis

Family That Overtook Christ—Raymond

With a Merry Heart—Phelan

What Other Answer?—Grant

Rose Unpetaled—Morteville

Song of Bernadette—Wurfel

Close on the heels of the best ten come the following runners-up: *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*—White, with 12 votes; *The Larks of Umbria*—SSchimberg and *The Mass of Brother Michel*—Kent, each with 8; *These Two Hands*—Edwards and *Pilgrims All*—Curtain, each with 6. This is AMERICA's monthly report on the current of reading and trade in Catholic book circles.

[illegible]

Chesterton and Saint Teresa have leaped immediately into the lead in the Book-Log. Catholic readers are apparently alive to what is best. So is the Book-Log.

A correspondent: "May I commend you . . . more especially on your book review section? Through five years as a manager of a book store, your magazine has been my most reliable guide. . . ."

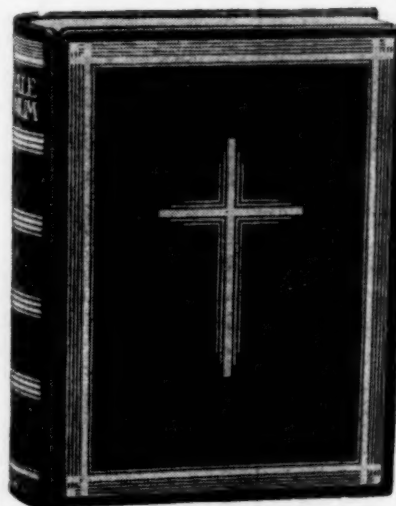
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